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MISSOURI.—JESSE JAMES, THE NOTORIOUS DESPERADO, KILLED AT ST. JOSEPH, APRIL 3d.

FROM A PHOTO. BY ALEX. LOZO.—SEE PAGE 135.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
63, 65 & 67 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, APRIL 22, 1882.

\$500 REWARD.

INFORMATION reaches us from nearly every State of the Union that agents claiming to represent the PUBLISHING HOUSE OF FRANK LESLIE, and the firm of "Frank Leslie & Co.," are collecting subscriptions for various publications. In some cases these agents, as if to emphasize their claims, use a stamp in signing the name of "Frank Leslie" to their receipts. We again distinctly warn the public that the PUBLISHING HOUSE OF FRANK LESLIE (of which Mrs. Leslie is the sole proprietor) has no traveling agents or representatives, and that there is no such firm in this city as "Frank Leslie & Co." All persons using the name of the FRANK LESLIE PUBLISHING HOUSE, under any modification or in any form whatever, in the business of soliciting subscriptions, are impostors, and as such liable to punishment. We will pay a reward of \$500 for the arrest and conviction of any person thus fraudulently claiming to represent this House. The public should understand that the only genuine Frank Leslie publications are issued from 63, 65 and 67 Park Place, and that all so-called Frank Leslie publications represented by traveling agents are counterfeits.

REDUCTION OF TAXATION.

WE observe that many of our contemporaries are falling into the mistake of supposing that the appointment of a commission to revise the schedules of the Tariff is tantamount to the adoption of a policy which looks to a continuance of the present rate of taxation in all its aspects and relations. It may be that such is the intention of many who favor the appointment of a Tariff Commission, but we beg leave to suggest that there is no necessary connection of cause and effect between the antecedent and the consequent in question. This fact will appear on a slight study of the matter as presented to Congress by the Secretary of the Treasury in his last annual report.

In that report the Secretary stated that the "onerous taxation" now laid on the business of the country was so excessive that it yields "a surplus over the needs of the Government." He showed that this surplus cannot be used in the redemption of United States bonds at their present premium without a loss to the Treasury "which it is of doubtful propriety to make." Besides mooted the question whether it is a beneficial exercise of governmental power to raise money by taxation in greater sums than the lawful and current demands on the Government require, Secretary Folger adverted to the seductive effect of a seemingly affluent Treasury as seen in provoking Congress to "expenditures larger in amount than a wise economy would permit, and upon objects that would not meet with favor in a pinched or moderate condition of the Federal Exchequer."

The total ordinary receipts of the Treasury from all sources for the last fiscal year ending June 30th, 1881, were \$360,782,292. The total ordinary expenditures for the same period were \$260,712,887—being an excess of receipts over expenditures to the amount of more than \$100,000,000. Such a surplus may be magnificent, as showing the capacity of the country to carry unnecessary burdens, but it is not public economy.

As the chief receipts of the Government are derived from two sources—from internal revenue imposts and from duties laid on imports—and as it is a principle that "taxation for the expenses of the Government, to be just, should bear on all alike and equally," the Secretary "assumed" that any reduction essayed by Congress would be reached "as well through a revision of the existing tariff laws as through an abolition or abatement of the internal revenue." Else the burden of taxation would be lifted from the shoulders of one class in the community and left to press with a still more intolerable weight on the importing and mercantile classes in the community. And as the Secretary made bold to say that there were certain internal revenue taxes which might be advantageously abolished at once, such as the stamps on bank-checks, matches and proprietary commodities, it logically follows that in his eye there were certain duties on imports which might equally be abolished to a proportionate amount with safety to the Treasury and with advantage to the productive industry of the country.

We explained on a former occasion why it was that we favored the appointment of a Tariff Commission to inquire into the relations, under our present tariff system, of such industries as have been stimulated into existence by the protection afforded to them. We held that such industries, as the creatures of the Government, had some rights which their creator, the Government, was morally bound to respect, at least in some degree, when it undertook the work of tariff revision. A complex problem was thus presented, involving the rights of protected interests on the one

hand and the rights of the whole people on the other—a problem which, by its delicacy, called for delicate handling. In the solution of such a problem it seemed to us that the intervention of a competent jury of experts might be properly invoked.

But there are other problems presented by the anomalies of our present Tariff as to which no such preliminary inquiry is at all necessary. We refer to taxes which are taxes pure and simple, because they are laid on the raw materials and implements which enter directly into the manufacturing industry of the country. The original motive for levying such taxes was the wants created by the civil war, but now that those wants have ceased to exist, their longer retention is the retention of a strange anachronism in our public economy. While they were needed to help the Government, they had some justification; but at present, when the Government no longer stands in need of their help, they are nothing but a hindrance to the whole people; for, even admitting that the doctrine of Protection is as true as the disciples of Mr. Henry C. Carey would have us believe, there is nothing protective in such taxation as lays its ax at the very root of our manufactures.

The Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, who is entitled to speak on this subject both as a manufacturing expert and as a legislator, has expressed the opinion that Congress may begin at once the work of a partial reduction in the schedules of the Tariff, by applying that reduction to raw materials. Such raw materials, he truly says, are as well known to Congressmen as to experts, and Congressmen know as well as experts that they "protect" nobody and injure everybody as soon as their reason for being has ceased to exist. Nothing, therefore, would seem to be easier than, in the idea of Secretary Folger, to make a reduction in the schedules of the Tariff which should be tantamount to the reduction he recommends in the internal revenue system, by abolishing at once the duties on such raw materials as enter most immediately into the manufactures of the country—leaving the Tariff Commission to grapple with the more difficult and recondite relations of this complicated subject. In this way it seems to us that the interests of the Treasury, of the industries fostered by the Government, and of the people at large, would receive the just recognition to which they are entitled.

GAMBLING IN FOOD PRODUCTS.

GAMBLING is always demoralizing, and the passion for stock speculation which has grown so rapidly of late years is one of the worst signs of the times. But gambling of this sort, although certainly bad enough, injures only those who take part in it, which, after all, is but a small portion of the community. A species of speculation that is infinitely worse is the gambling in the necessities of life, which is carried on through "corners" in food products, and by which every consumer is affected directly or indirectly.

The extent to which this practice has been carried was strikingly illustrated the other day, when it was announced that ocean steamship companies had offered to carry wheat without charge from Boston to Liverpool as ballast, and even to pay a premium, but could not secure cargoes even on those liberal terms, because all the grain in Chicago is held by a combination of speculators, who have run up the price above the English quotations. Meanwhile, not only do steamship and railway companies suffer for lack of freight and the balance of trade turns against this country, but the price of flour all over the United States is unduly increased for the sole benefit of a gang of sharpers.

The New York Senate recently passed a resolution appointing a committee to investigate the system of "corners" in grain and other staples of legitimate trade. The committee examined Chauncey M. Depew, counsel of the New York Central Railroad, and Hugh J. Jewett, President of the Erie, and secured some interesting testimony. The representatives of these two great lines agree that probably half of the increase of sixty cents per bushel in the price of wheat during the past year is due solely to speculation, and the whole country is forced to pay this tribute to a small number of "cornerers" in Chicago. Two years ago a similar combination secured control of all the marketable pork, marked up prices fifty per cent, and pocketed several million dollars.

Of course, this is all wrong, and it seems as though the strong hand of the law ought to be able to stop such swindling. Neither Mr. Depew nor Mr. Jewett, however, held out much hope of any legal remedy. The basis of a "corner" is a contract for future delivery, and such contracts not only have their place in legitimate business operations, but are almost essential. It is consequently impossible to prohibit dealing in "futures" entirely, and so long as the practice is allowed in legitimate trade, it is hard to see how its abuse in speculative dealings can be prevented. It has been suggested that such combinations may be made unlawful

as conspiracies against commerce, but it would be difficult to frame a statute to cover the case, and it must be confessed that the hope of permanent relief from the operations of these swindling operators is very meagre.

GOVERNMENT MONOPOLIES* IN EUROPE.

IT is a settled rule in European countries that everything tending to magnify the influence and importance of Crown and Government is legitimate. Practically speaking, all schemes to put and keep under direct Government control the business of the people are considered deserving of encouragement. Hence arise vast Government monopolies which leave private individuals in certain branches of business and commerce at the mercy of the public officials and the State Treasury. Obviously, this repressive policy must exert a most demoralizing influence on the energies and enterprise of the citizens, who are thus taught to look up to their rulers as the dispensers of all prosperity, and are, consequently, deprived of the advantages of competition, the very essence of a nation's moral and material progress.

In the Old World, to-day, the circle of influence in which Government revolves is constantly being enlarged. Each "department" of the machine, not content with an inch, hankers after an ell. The theory is that all should be done to increase the profits of the Treasury, in order that the spoils may be the greater for distribution among the courtly throng fattening at the public crib. Thorough honesty and economy in behalf of the people are nowhere observable on close analysis. Here at home our politicians have long aimed to increase the spoils, and verily the pool has grown to be large; nor is it from any lack of desire that they refrain from instituting here those huge royal and imperial monopolies so temptingly standing in full bloom on European soil. Attempts in this direction have not indeed been lacking at Washington; but, fortunately, they have encountered severe discouragement.

On the Continent railways, telegraphs, banking, tobacco, salt, are entirely under the control of administrative power, not to mention other major and minor things. In England the telegraphs have been absorbed by the Post-office, and, though the railways are yet operated by private companies, a strong effort of late years has been made, and is being made, to place them under the Crown. The English disposition to imitate the monarchical ways of the Continent has never been better illustrated than in the absorbing proclivities of the Post-office. The money-order system is very old on the Continent, but in its essential form, as existing in England, it dates only from 1859. Upon this system has been engrafted the savings-banks, now operating under the department, and this, taken together with the postal-notes system, would seem to disclose a settled design on the part of the Government to make the Post-office, if possible, a vast banking corporation, always in furtherance of the imperial idea of concentration and personal rule. However, the evil effects of all Government monopolies in the Old World are too glaring—putting aside all else—to be copied here in the United States, along with Paris and London fashions and manners, which seem to be making such an unhealthy headway among some of our idle and affluent young men and women.

READJUSTER POLITICS.

A NEW adjustment of political partitions has been made in Virginia which promises to have an important influence on the party contests of the future in that ancient commonwealth, and even in adjoining States. The Readjuster Party, which last year defeated the Funders and carried the State, electing its Governor, its Legislature and its consequent United States Senator, now announces that it will henceforth fight under a new banner—that of the Republican Administration.

This is a very bold move. Defeated parties sometimes assume new names which they imagine will enable them to make desirable combinations and improve their status; but for a victorious party to fling away the name under which it has just won its only victory, shows a degree of courage which is quite uncommon. The Richmond *Whig*, the Readjuster official organ, frankly declares itself an Administration paper, and says that the party to which it is allied will hereafter be found in the ranks of the Republican Party, and will give its energies to the election of Congressmen next Fall who will support President Arthur and the Administration. General Mahone declares that this programme meets his approval, "and the Readjusters of Virginia, Democratic and Republican, will hereafter be known as Administration men."

Whether Senator Mahone and his friends shall be able to carry enough of the Readjusters into the Republican Party to hold Virginia next Fall, or shall fail to do so,

the new departure will inevitably be followed by certain very important results, some of which may be briefly indicated:

1. It will draw sharp party lines, not only in Virginia but in those adjoining States to which the "Administration" epidemic will be pretty certain to extend. The opposition to the Bourbons in the South will henceforth be plucky and defiant, instead of timidly and apologetically asking leave to be; it will poll its full vote, insist on its share of the inspectors, demand a fair count and make an aggressive campaign.

2. It marks the beginning of the end of tissue votes, stolen ballot-boxes and intimidation; for it promises a division of the native whites of the South into two parties, neither of which will tolerate such outrages. When the blacks are everywhere allowed to vote freely and have their votes fairly counted, it is likely that the Democratic Party will get a good part of them, if not a majority, through the influence of personal kindness on a naturally grateful, imitative and susceptible race. On the other hand, if a respectable number, say one-sixth of the native whites of the Gulf States, should defy threatened ostracism and cast their lot with the Republican Party, they would carry at least South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida and Louisiana.

3. The stronger the Republican Party becomes in the South the weaker it will get in the North. This conclusion is almost self-evident. There are thousands of men in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and other Northern States who would have joined the Democratic Party years ago, except for the belief that the negroes of the South were forbidden a free election; and, as soon as Republicans are able to carry those Southern States in which they naturally have a majority of the votes, the same party will probably lose control of some indispensable Northern State. Then there are other Republicans, who, disliking the surrender of their party to the repudiation idea in Virginia, will not hesitate to rebuke it by co-operating, for a time, at least, with the Opposition.

It is not, by any means, certain that the Readjusters of Virginia will be able to carry the State under the weight of their new christening. It may prove one readjustment too much. It will certainly drive from the party some who hate the name "Republican" more than they dislike the unwise policy of the Bourbons, and it will bring into the party some Republicans who have hitherto cast their lot with the Funders and Democrats.

But, on the whole, whether it strengthens or weakens the party in Virginia, it is a wholesome sign of progress and sectional harmony. The time has come when the Bourbons of the South should let go their grasp, and concede to every man his right to vote. The time has come when the Republican Party should divide the whites of all the States. And the time has come when Democrats should welcome such a readjustment; for only when all Republicans are free to vote and count their votes in the South can the Democratic Party make any perceptible progress in the North.

THE RECEIVERSHIP FRAUDS.

THE investigation made by a committee of the New York Assembly into the receivership business has more than sustained popular suspicion as to the gross abuses perpetrated under this system. Indeed, the public had scarcely conceived that such barefaced frauds could be committed in a civilized community under the forms of law.

The experience of the Continental Life Insurance Company will serve as an illustration of the way in which these robberies are consummated. The company was declared insolvent in October, 1876, and the first receiver was allowed \$13,000 for four months' services, with \$10,000 more for his lawyer. The second receiver held the place six weeks, and his bill was \$15,000, with \$7,000 for his lawyer. Then in July, 1877, John P. O'Neill, a third-rate lawyer and Tammany politician, was installed as receiver by Judge Westbrook, who introduced O'Neill to some lawyers who were to act as his advisers. He at once appointed as chief clerk one Tobias, who appears to have possessed no special qualifications for the place, and has paid him ever since a salary of \$400 a month. Another clerkship at the same extravagant salary was given a brother of the Judge who had appointed him receiver, while a nephew of the same Judge was given a place at \$100 a month, and a son of the receiver was employed at \$60 a month. Up to date O'Neill has been paid \$52,328, and the lawyers to whom Judge Westbrook kindly introduced him have drawn \$39,300, while the allowances for clerk hire and other expenses make an appalling total.

Swindling is always bad enough, but if there is one kind worse than another, it is when the victims are chiefly widows and orphans, as is the case with most of these receiverships. The exposure of these abuses has been so complete that it may be hoped neither complaisant judges nor rapa-

alous lawyers will dare hereafter to indulge in such operations. But if it be possible, the men who have thus seized the property of helpless victims should be made to disgorge their ill-gotten gains; and we are glad to see that the Attorney-General holds out hope that they may be forced to make restitution.

SHIPHERD BECOMES TACITURN.

THE examination of Shipherd has gone on another week, and threatens to last a good while longer. Indeed, it is quite possible that it may develop into a question of contempt, and the power of Congress to force an unwilling witness to answer questions, for he has absolutely refused information on many vital points. The President of that wonderful corporation, the Peruvian Company, has lost much of his jaunty air since his chance to make long and grandiloquent speeches was followed by severe cross-examination, and has developed a good deal of ill-nature, along with his tendency to taciturnity, whenever he was brought up with a sharp turn. There is no mistaking the fact that Shipherd is filled with enmity against both the living Blaine and the dead Hurlbut, and has resolved to do his best in the direction of soiling the memory of the one and smirching the reputation of the other. But his efforts so far have reacted upon himself, and have served to show him not merely as a wild speculator, but as a malicious busybody. The reputation of our late Minister to Peru stands much better now than it did before Shipherd took the witness-stand, while his attempts to involve the ex-Secretary of State in any scandal have proved ridiculous failures. Everything goes to indicate that Mr. Blaine saw through Shipherd's little game at a very early stage, and simply humored this new Colonel Sellers by politely listening to his grand scheme with "millions in it," without the remotest idea of ever committing the Government to its support. In short, Shipherd is fast sinking from the plane he first held of an important personage in the diplomacy of the world into a very cheap sort of fraud. What is more, he seems to realize that the country has found him out, and in consequence he grows ill-natured and ugly. The sooner the public can have done with him the better it will like it.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE retirement of Prince Gortschakoff from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs is an event of considerable importance in the political history of Russia. It will not result in any immediate change of policy, since M. de Giers, who succeeds to the Premiership, fully shares the views of his predecessor and former chief, but it will ultimately, in the opinion of many, open the way for the introduction of new men and new ideas in the Imperial Administration, enabling the country to face towards the future rather than to the past, as it has so long done. Gortschakoff, who is now eighty-four years old, has fairly earned the approval of his sovereign, which seems to have been very heartily bestowed. The aged statesman still retains the dignity of Imperial Chancellor and member of the Council of the Empire. The appointment of M. de Giers as his successor has given entire satisfaction in Germany and Turkey, being regarded as a pledge of peace. The Czar has expressed a desire for an interview with the Emperor of Austria, but says that circumstances do not admit of their meeting at an early date. It is officially announced that the coronation of the Czar will take place in August, and that by Imperial command all the dignitaries of the empire must attend the ceremony in Moscow. The festivities will last a fortnight, and it is estimated that the expenses will amount to 10,000,000 rubles.

Outrages in Ireland still continue, the perpetrators in some instances escaping detection in spite of the utmost vigilance of the police. In Westmeath, a landlord, whose sister-in-law was deliberately murdered, with the complicity of many his tenants, has revoked an intended reduction of rents and announced that hereafter no concessions of any sort will be made by his agents. Professor Goldwin Smith, in a letter to the *London Times*, recommends the abolition of jury trial in agrarian cases, the collection of fair rents by summary process, the suspension of representation of rebel districts, the suppression of the murderous Press, and special legislation concerning foreign emissaries. As to the American suspects now in Ireland, it is stated that the suggestions of our Government have, in all cases, been considered promptly and courteously, and that all who would promise to leave the country were cheerfully released. It is added that if any Irish-Americans remain in jail, they remain there because the Land League wants them to remain there. The Parnellites were bitterly disappointed that any Americans should have accepted the Government's terms, and endeavored to persuade those released to refuse to leave the country, hoping thus to keep the dispute open and start fresh difficulties. The genuineness of American naturalization is said to be open to suspicion in very many cases; it is even charged that the sale of naturalization papers is openly transacted in London. The number of Irish "suspects" now in prison is stated at 511.

At a recent Conservative banquet in Liverpool, the Marquis of Salisbury sharply arraigned the Government's policy in Ireland, and declared in favor of the principle of tenants becoming the owners of their property. This is an attempt to outbid the Liberals, and may yet give trouble to the Ministry. Mr. Gladstone announces that the Government will insist on the Bill establishing the right of closure by a simple majority.

Mr. Parnell was last week released on pa-

role for seven days in order to enable him to visit a sister in Paris who had suffered affliction in the loss of a child. The news of his release, which was at first supposed to be unconditional, occasioned great enthusiasm throughout Ireland; but Mr. Parnell avoided all demonstrations, going quietly to London and thence to Dover, and refusing utterly to talk with the correspondents who thronged his route. Privately, he is said to have expressed great indignation at the recent outrages, and given it as his opinion that the state of things in Ireland would improve if the Government would introduce a Bill to relieve poor tenants of arrears of rent, and also amend the clauses of the Land Act regarding purchase so as practically to assist tenants to become owners of their farms, a result which he thought would go a long way to restore peace and order. An important movement has been started in London looking to the establishment in Canada of families of the unemployed poor. It is proposed to raise a fund of \$35,000 to dispatch an experimental party of 200 families, and a committee, which includes the Lord Mayor, Cardinal Manning and other prominent personages, has been formed to direct the enterprise.

The insurrection in Herzegovina is practically ended, although insurgent bands still linger in the mountain fastnesses, whence it has been impossible, owing to unfavorable weather, to dislodge them. It is understood that a tacit amnesty will be granted to all insurgents who return to their homes and resume peaceful employments.

The Protectionist labor troubles in Spain have subsided. The Cabinet is determined to carry out not only the French treaty and tariff reforms in imperial and colonial export and import duties, but negotiations for a treaty of commerce with England will shortly be initiated. A majority has been secured in the German Bundesrath for the tobacco monopoly. Five thousand Jews have recently been expelled from Moscow, and there have been serious anti-Jewish riots at Palta and other places, where the interference of the military was found necessary to restore order. The latest reports from Peru are to the effect that another effort is to be made to organize a stable government, but that the prospect of a settlement with the Chilians is practically as remote as ever.

OUTRAGES upon Chinamen in some of the Western States and Territories continue to be of frequent occurrence. Recently three Chinese miners in Idaho were murdered in cold blood, and nothing whatever appears to have been done towards the punishment of the perpetrators of the atrocity. It is utterly disgraceful to our civilization that these outrages should be permitted to go unchallenged; and if it is true, as stated, that the protests of the Chinese Minister in the matter have been dismissed with the statement that he must look for relief to the Governors of the States in which the atrocities have been perpetrated, our Government has placed itself in an attitude which will expose it deservedly to universal contempt and ridicule.

THE rejection by the House of Representatives, by a unanimous vote, of the Senate amendment to the Postal Appropriation Bill restoring the franking privilege in a modified form, is an exhibition of virtue which was scarcely looked for by the public. It had been quite generally supposed that the House would only too gladly repossess itself of the privilege in question, and the fact that it promptly and decisively refused to do so will, therefore, elicit all the more emphatic applause. If it would rebuke all other propositions to misappropriate the public moneys as effectively as it did this one to enable members to carry on their personal correspondence at the public expense, it might even yet achieve distinction as the "model House" of the century.

EVERY little while the country is disgraced by some fresh scandal in the diplomatic service, but the reason is not far to seek. As a rule, the places are made the rewards of partisan activity, and faithful service is no guaranty of promotion or even retention. The other day eight nominations as Ministers and Consuls were sent the Senate, half of which consisted in the shifting of present officials to less desirable places. Thomas Adamson, for instance, who has been in the service over twenty years, and has an excellent record, is transferred from Rio Janeiro, with a salary of \$6,000, to Panama, with only \$3,000 pay, to make place for a Minnesota politician. So long as such things are possible, it is vain to expect that our representatives abroad will do the country much credit.

THE refusal of Judge Wylie, in the District Court at Washington, to quash the indictments against S. W. Dorsey and others, in the Star Route conspiracy cases, and the issue of a bench warrant for the arrest of Dorsey, who had forfeited his recognizance, are facts at once welcome and significant. It is at least assured that the prosecution is in earnest, and does not propose that the ends of justice shall be defeated if such a result can be prevented by earnestness and vigor in the management of the case of the people. The trials have been definitely fixed for May 4th, and while the defense will of course resort to every possible device to secure delay, there is no longer any reason to fear that they will be able to prevent the determination, in due legal form, of the question of their guilt or innocence.

PERHAPS the most important branch of the Interior Department is that which relates to the care of the Indians. It has been the misfortune of most Secretaries that they have possessed but a vague and theoretical know-

ledge of the Indian character and situation, and so through pure ignorance they have stumbled into costly blunders. The new head of the Department, on the other hand, has lived over twenty years on the frontier, and he has made a careful study of the whole problem. The policy which Secretary Teller outlines on this question goes far to justify President Arthur's selection of the Colorado Senator for so responsible a position. Briefly stated, he believes that the system of making treaties with Indian tribes is all wrong, and ought to be stopped; that the tribal relation should be broken up, and the Indians be dealt with as individuals; and that their education should consist rather in industrial training than in book knowledge. Every one of these points is a sound one, and it is to be hoped that Secretary Teller will prove as capable in enforcing a common-sense Indian policy as he is clear in enunciating it.

At last the Republicans of the House have made up their minds to go to work in earnest. At a caucus held last week it was determined to push the anti-Chinese Bill to a vote immediately, and then to take up and dispose of the contested election cases, the Tariff Commission Bill, the Geneva Award Bill and other measures of importance. It was also agreed that the Bill to repeal the internal revenue tax on bank capital and deposits, and the stamp tax on checks, proprietary medicines, etc., should be pressed for consideration before the adjournment of Congress. It is gratifying to find that the Republican majority in the House are at length awakening to a perception of their duty to the public; but it is difficult to understand why the programme now resolved upon could not have been carried out three months ago just as well as at this time.

MRS. IDA GREELEY SMITH, the eldest daughter of Horace Greeley, died suddenly of diphtheria, after a brief illness, at the old family home in Chappaqua, N. Y., April 11th, aged thirty years. Mrs. Smith was a woman of rare intellectual power, winning social qualities and beautiful character. Her father depended greatly upon her in the last years of his life, and she discharged with wonderful tact the difficult duties of mistress of his home during the Presidential canvass of 1872, when Chappaqua was the Mecca for all sorts of political pilgrims. She was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, and was a devout Catholic. On May 1st, 1875, she was married to Colonel Nicholas Smith, of Kentucky, and she leaves three children, the youngest of whom is a babe of a month. Her sister Gabrielle is now the only survivor of Horace Greeley's five children. One of his brothers and three sisters are still living, the best known being Mrs. Esther Greeley Cleveland, of New York city, to whose tender care and wise counsel her nieces have owed not a little of that rounded completeness of character for which they have been distinguished.

JOHN F. SLATER, of Norwich, Conn., one of the leading manufacturers of the country, and the wealthiest man in his State, has made one of the most magnificent and valuable gifts known in the history of benevolence. He has turned over to a corporation of ten gentlemen, including some of the most prominent names in the country, the sum of one million dollars, to be used in providing the colored people of the South with "the blessings of Christian education." The letter in which Mr. Slater announces his purpose proves him a man of singular modesty, rare generosity and excellent judgment. He expressly prohibits the use of the money in erecting costly buildings that might serve as material monuments to his philanthropy, and seeks to insure the use of the entire income for the training of teachers through already existing instrumentalities so far as possible. The names of such men as ex-President Hayes, Chief Justice Waite, William E. Dodge, Rev. Phillips Brooks and Governor Colquitt of Georgia, sufficiently attest Mr. Slater's judgment in selecting the best agents for carrying out his philanthropic purposes. The example is one that other millionaires would do well to imitate.

A STRIKING illustration of the necessity of surrounding all officials with checks and safeguards has been afforded in Connecticut. Some fifteen years ago, Rev. B. G. Northrop, a clergyman of good reputation, was made Secretary of the State Board of Education, and ever since he has been left to do about as he chose. At last rumors that something was wrong got afloat, and a committee of the Legislature was appointed to investigate. Their report shows that Mr. Northrop has regularly drawn \$500 a year for traveling expenses in a lump sum, without putting in any detailed account, and although he has held passes on almost all the State railroads; that he credited himself on the general account with two unauthorized trips to Europe, several visits to the Centennial Exhibition and repeated journeys to Washington; that he has paid considerable sums yearly in unauthorized fees to members of his family for clerical work; that he has neglected his duties, and yet received over \$500 a year for lectures delivered out of the State; and that he has been guilty of divers other irregularities, such as using his annual report as a vehicle for advertising certain favored book enterprises, etc. The lesson of all this is simple and plain. No matter how good a man's reputation may be, it will not do to let him go on year after year in a responsible position without supervision and the official scrutiny of his acts by a competent superior authority. The result of the Connecticut investigation will be the abolition of the office of Secretary to the Board of Education, and the imposition upon the board itself of the full responsibility of supervising the educational interests of the State and the disbursement of funds for that purpose.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

TWO members of the Ohio Legislature have been indicted on a charge of accepting bribes.

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY CHANDLER assumed his new official duties on the 17th instant.

SMALLPOX still rages at South Bethlehem, Pa., and the death-roll now numbers eighty-five.

A REPORT just made to the Senate shows that there are 269,851 pensioners on the rolls, who receive annually \$29,263,469.

THE Union League Club of New York, at its April meeting, unanimously approved President Arthur's veto of the Chinese Bill.

THE faculty of Trinity College, at Hartford, Conn., have suspended thirteen seniors for hazing three members of the sophomore class.

MESSERS. A. T. STEWART & Co. have decided to discontinue business, and offer for sale their entire stock of merchandise and mill properties.

THE House on April 13th, the anniversary of Thomas Jefferson's birth, passed a Bill appropriating \$10,000 to erect a monument over his grave.

THE labor movement is extending and the trades generally, here and elsewhere, are securing advanced wages with little opposition from the employers.

THE law officers of Pennsylvania are proceeding actively against the graveyard insurance companies, many of which have been driven out of business.

TWENTY-FOUR loads of cast-off furniture from the White House were sold at auction in Washington last week, and brought high prices, aggregating about \$6,000.

CHARGES of attempted bribery of members by a railroad corporation were made in the Massachusetts House last week, and a committee of investigation appointed.

J. R. G. PITKIN, who retired in 1877 to make room for Jack Wharton as United States Marshal of Louisiana, has been appointed the latter's successor in that office.

REPRESENTATIVE PAGH, of California, has introduced in the House a Bill which provides for ten years' suspension of Chinese immigration and omits the passport requirement.

THE New York Assembly has ordered a legislative inquiry into the charges against Judge Westbrook and ex-Attorney-General Hamilton Ward in connection with the elevated railroad litigation.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR and the Secretary of War, accompanied by a number of Congressmen, visited and inspected the Soldiers' Home and the Normal and Agricultural Institution at Hampton, Va., last week.

THREE sisters about fifty years old died suddenly at Philadelphia within twenty minutes of each other after spending the evening together on the night of April 8th, and were buried together on the 13th instant.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE has been on a very successful lecturing tour in the South. His audience at Raleigh, N. C., was the largest ever gathered at a lecture in that city, and he was introduced by Governor Jarvis.

A BILL has been introduced in the New York Senate providing for the appointment by the Governor of a commission of thirty residents of New York and Brooklyn to prepare a charter to unite the two cities in one municipality.

CAPTAIN H. W. HOWGATE, who was awaiting trial for embezzling \$100,000 as disbursing officer of the Signal Service Bureau, escaped from custody, April 13th, while visiting his family at his Washington home, as he was frequently allowed to do.

THE New York Assembly has passed by a bare majority, under the application of the gag law, an Excise Bill which appears to be framed in the interest of the corner groggeries, and was opposed by almost all the prominent temperance leaders.

THE Harvard College Board of Overseers have adopted, by a vote of 12 to 11, a report that it is not advisable for the university to give any assurance or hold out any encouragement that it will undertake the medical education of women in the Medical School.

THE late Congressman Allen, of Missouri, leaves an estate estimated at \$15,000,000, all of which goes to his wife and seven children except some bequests to old friends, \$5,000 to the Pittsfield (Mass.) Cemetery and \$500 to the Bennington (Vt.) Monument Association.

THE Congressional Reapportionment Bill recently passed by the Virginia House of Delegates, the design of which was to give the Readjusters eight out of the ten districts, has been defeated in the State Senate, two Republicans and four Readjusters refusing to support it.

THE Connecticut House of Representatives adopted a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in that State. The measure now goes over to the next General Assembly, where it must pass both Houses by a two-thirds majority before being submitted to the people.

At their recent conference in Independence, Mo., the "reorganized" or "Josephite" Mormons, who reject polygamy, passed resolutions thanking Congress for passing, and President Arthur for signing, the Edmunds Bill. Two hundred Mormon missionaries are to be sent from Utah to labor in Great Britain, Denmark and Switzerland, and in the South and East of the United States.

THE National Land League Convention, held in Washington last week, adopted resolutions condemning the action of Minister Lowell, and demanding his recall. Reports showed that the total amount of contributions sent to Ireland, both direct and from the Treasurer, was \$272,810.60 from 940 branch leagues in good standing. The Secretary said there were other sums to the credit of the League which had not yet been received, and he believed that the total receipts since the Chicago Convention would aggregate nearly \$300,000.

Foreign.

JEWELS to the value of £20,000, belonging to ladies of the Imperial family of Brazil, have been stolen.

THE Mexican Government has closed a contract subsidizing a line of steamers between England and Mexico.

MESSERS. MOODY and SANKEY for the present decline to devote twelve months to revival service in London.

THE German polar expeditions will leave Europe in the early part of June. The southern party will embark at Montevideo.

LIEUTENANT HARBUR has left Irkutsk, Siberia, for the north, to assist in the search for the missing officers and crew of the *Jeannette*.

AN address to Queen Victoria, signed by 50,000 Canadian ladies, has been handed to the Governor-General for presentation to Her Majesty on her birthday.

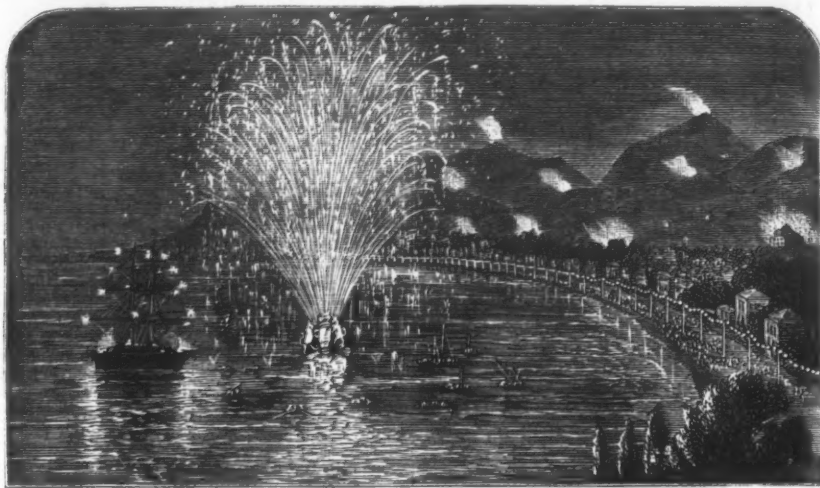
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 135.



M. NERCES, ARMENIAN PATRIARCH.



HUNGARY.—GEN. S. VON JOVANOWITCH.



ITALY.—ILLUMINATIONS AT MENTONE IN HONOR OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT.



GERMANY.—SCENE IN THE SPITTEL MARKET IN BERLIN.



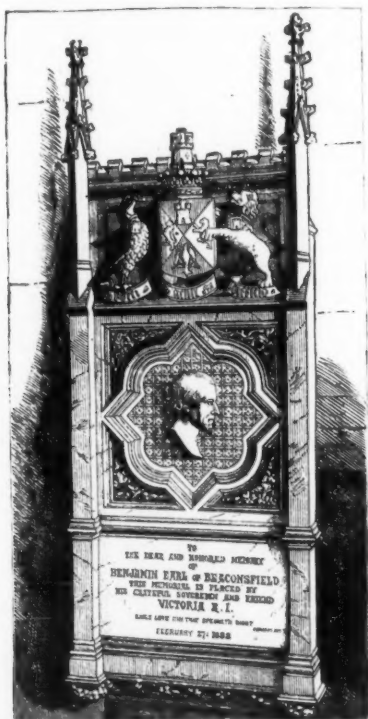
WEST SIBERIA.—KIRGHIS CHILDREN AT SCHOOL.



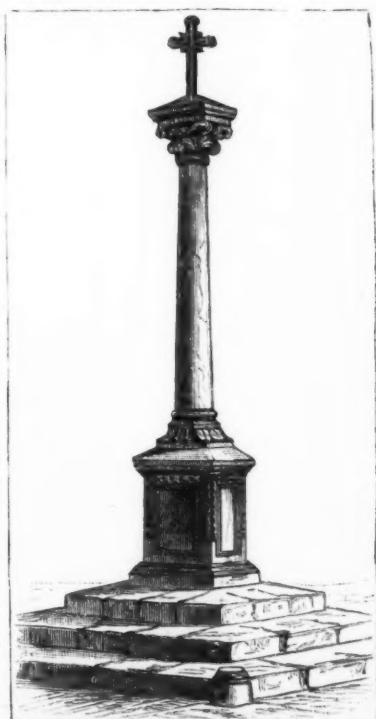
ARABIA.—ENCAMPMENT OF MOHAMMEDAN PILGRIMS AT MEDINA.



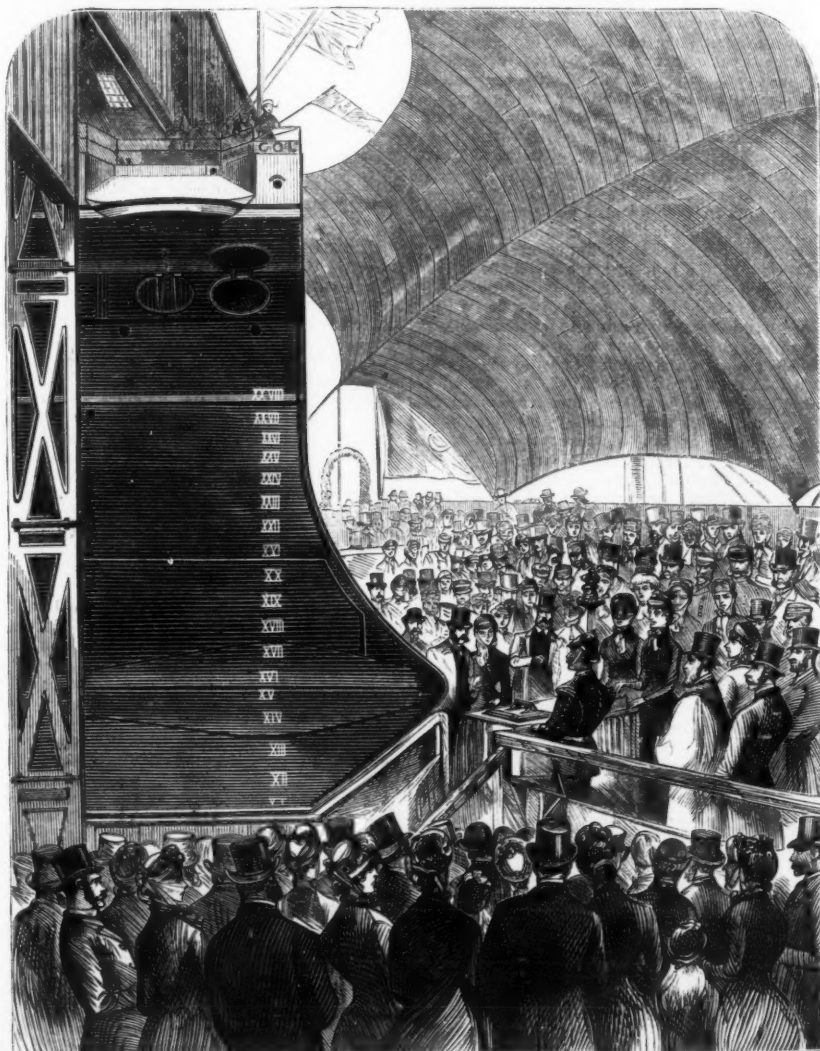
INDIA.—A PARSEE "TOWER OF SILENCE" AT BOMBAY.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S MEMORIAL TO LORD BEACONSFIELD.



THE SICILIAN VESPERS—MEMORIAL CROSS AT PALERMO.



GREAT BRITAIN.—LAUNCH OF H. M. S. "COLOSSUS" AT PORTSMOUTH, MARCH 21ST.



1. THE CLOSING HOUR IN A GALLERY OF THE "UPPER TEN." 2. THE PEOPLE'S GALLERY.
OUR METROPOLITAN PICTURE GALLERIES.—FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 135.

THE SADDEST HOUR.

I THINK that the bitterest sorrow and pain
Of love unrequited, or cold death's woe,
Is sweet compared to the hour when we know
That some grand passion is on the wane.

When we see that the glory, and glow, and grace,
That lent a splendor to night and day,
Are surely fading and showing the gray
And dull groundwork of the commonplace.

When fond expressions on dull ears fall—
When the kiss that was heaven can no more thrill,
When we cannot muster by force of will
The old emotions that came at call;

When the dream is vanished we vain would keep,
When the heart, like a watch, runs out of gear,
And all the savor goes out of the year—
Oh, then, if we could, is the time to weep!

But tho' tears soften this dull pale woe,
We must sit and face it with dry hot eyes,
The more we struggle the swifter it flies—
We must simply be silent and let it go.

ELLA WHEELER.

A TERRIBLE WOMAN.

CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED).

THE first time my lady came to look at her, Gwendolen feigned to be asleep, and so she did the second and the third times, until her nerves had quite recovered the shock they had received from Pauline's communications.

On the third occasion my lady, who had been looking at her fixedly, remarked that the wan cheeks had gained fullness and color, and the violet shadows were gone from under the eyes.

"She is looking better," said my lady, thoughtfully. "Does her mind seem to be in the same state?"

"Only a little more so," said Pauline, composedly.

"Mercy! I hope she isn't about to become an idiot!"

"I don't think there is any becoming about it. She is an idiot."

"Oh!" said my lady.

On my lady's fourth visit Gwendolen was ready to receive her, though the trial was a cruel one. But here her training in the circus, which had taught her great coolness and entire self-possession in the face of danger, and often death, was of advantage to her.

"She looks better every time I see her," exclaimed my lady, with a glance around the room, which, however rapid, expressed doubt and disappointment, and was not lost upon Pauline, who stood, apparently, thinking intently for some time after she had left the room.

"Did I do well?" Gwendolen asked. "I felt my blood freeze when she first looked at me, and then it began to boil."

"You did admirably," returned Pauline; "but I can't make it out."

"Can't make what out?"

"That look she gave around the room when she said you were looking better. She seemed to connect the two."

"My looks and the room? It's a very comfortable room."

"But damp—yes, damp, even with that great fire in the parlor."

"I don't feel the dampness, I assure you," said Gwendolen, smiling. "But then you wrap me up so. You haven't found out yet where Lionel is, have you?"

"No; and I can't find out if she hears from him, though she must, of course."

Gwendolen sighed.

"Well, get your book," she said.

Pauline procured books from the library as if for her own reading, and then she would read aloud to Gwendolen, who found herself not only soothed but interested in this new world thus opened to her. They were now engaged on the "Life of Mary, Queen of Scots," and Pauline read how Elizabeth, by confining her unhappy rival in damp rooms which were insufficiently warmed, gradually undermined her health and destroyed her beauty.

"Horrible woman!" shuddered Gwendolen, as Pauline paused.

"I think my lady must have been like her," said Pauline, meditatively raising her eyes to the ceiling. "What did she see there that made her start and close the book? The blue of the ceiling was discolored into blotches of damp, the silver stars were dim and blackened."

"What is it?" asked Gwendolen.

"I feel so nervous. I think I will go a while and walk in the garden."

"Take me with you," said Gwendolen.

"No; but I will lock the doors while I am gone."

Pauline went down into the garden, feeling as if pursued by some dark fate from which it was almost useless to attempt to escape. Was there any one from whom she could inquire the reason why a room, raised two stories above the ground, should be so damp? She wandered over the Nuns' Garden for a while, and then let herself out by the door in the wall, of which she had a key. Just beyond the wall she encountered old Jasper, who was pottering over some vines.

"He is very old. I wonder if he couldn't tell me?" she said to herself, and she began to question him. Did he know anything about that part of the Court opening on the Nuns' Garden? She had happened in there the other day, and it struck her that one room—the room with the queer window—was very damp.

"The Oriel Room! Lor' bless ye, it ought to be damp, that had: it was built over an old cistern the monks had of old! So as they needn't have to go far for water belike, for they was as lazy as they was fat."

"They don't put any one to sleep there, then?"

"Not unless they wants them to sleep for good an' all. But the young master used to

say 'twas a main cool place to stay in on a hot Summer's day. But then, young folks 'ould sit in an ice-vault 'thout comin' to no harm."

Pauline went back, looking very pale, and that night she told Gwendolen what old Jasper had said, and from that time she shared her bed with Gwendolen, who now only went into the Oriel Room when my lady was expected, though it was arranged to look as if constantly occupied.

And so time passed. The asters in the Nuns' Garden fell, nipped by the frost, and the pale Christmas roses came as if they had been their ghosts; the old year died, the new year dawned, and one bleak March morning Gwendolen lay pale and smiling, listening to the wind and looking at the fire that roared in her parlor, into which Pauline had moved her bed, and beside her on the pillow lay the newborn heir of Charnwood Court and Chase.

CHAPTER XVII.—HIS SERENE HIGHNESS.

MY LADY'S face was not pleasant to look at when she heard the news. She had had an attack of pneumonia early in the winter, and had been confined to her room for some time, and had afterwards rather avoided visiting that part of the Court, the doctor having warned her against exposing herself, and she being very well aware of the secret of the Oriel Room.

But now she hastened to wrap herself up, being drawn by curiosity towards the hated mother and detested child. "You have her in here?" she said to Pauline, who replied: "Of course, it's warmer for the baby," and then my lady glanced quickly from Gwendolen, who was looking very pale, to the little pink morsel of humanity by her side who was fast asleep, with his tiny hand clasped tightly around one of his mother's slender fingers. My lady bent over him to draw back the coverlet that she might see him. Gwendolen started up, a red spot showing itself on either cheek. "Don't!" she said: "he'll scratch!"

"Scratch!" echoed my lady, drawing back in astonishment.

"She—she thinks it's a kitten," said Pauline.

"See what nice long fur he has! And his whiskers—aren't they pretty?" cried Gwendolen.

"Has she been so all the time?" asked my lady.

"Ever since the child was born."

"It will be likely to—afflict—him, won't it?"

"He will most probably be—foolish."

My lady shrugged her shoulders.

"Dreadful!" she said. "However, perhaps it is just as well for that kind of child. I can send him to an asylum as soon as he is old enough," and drawing her shawl around her, my lady withdrew.

Gwendolen was as pale as death itself.

"And she will send me to an asylum, too, I suppose? Don't—don't let her!"

"She wouldn't dare to do so, for fear you would recover and expose her."

"Oh! if you knew how I felt when I saw her about to touch my precious boy!"

"I don't think she will come to see you again in a hurry. The sight of you both is poison to her, and then she is having the whole Court put in order. The ceiling of the minor drawing-room is being frescoed, the north and south parlors have been refurnished, the armory is fitted up with ebony and gold, and a parquet-floor is being laid in the picture-gallery."

Gwendolen's cheeks flushed.

"Can Lionel be expected? Only think, he has been gone seven months!"

"I don't know. But the new people have come to the Priory."

"I recollect Lionel's speaking of them. He said there was a daughter."

"So I have heard," said Pauline, looking at her, fixedly.

"He thought she would be a companion for me; and now—"

"Come, don't cry! It will be bad for the baby, and we want him to be well when his own papa shall come to see the darling."

This anticipation dried Gwendolen's tears, and she forgot the Priory, my lady, and everything else, in the delightful task of nursing her child.

A month passed. The Earl and Countess of Ilfradon were supposed to be ready to receive the attentions of the county families, and my lady, in lavender silk, profusely veiled with black lace, made her first appearance outside the gates of Charnwood Court since the death of her son. She was ushered into the Pompeian boudoir—that was once to have been her boudoir—and there she found the countess, a pale-eyed, pale-haired woman, with a round face and wide, flat mouth.

"I wonder if her daughter is like her? If so, she won't help Lionel to forget Gwendolen," thought my lady, and while she was so thinking the earl came in, accompanied by his daughter, who was very German-looking, with a profusion of brown hair, very red lips and very blue eyes, and a round, almost buxom, figure. Her name was Elizabeth, and she was called by the pretty German diminutive—Bettina.

My lady's cards were engraved "Mrs. Charlton, née Countess del Monte," and Bettina, taking one up, remarked that she saw that in Spain, as in Germany, people were born countesses, while in England one could not have that title unless one married an earl.

"My mamma was born a princess," she added.

"Indeed!" said my lady.

"Yes; she was the Princess Amelia of Hohenzollernstein. She is only my lady here, you know, but at home she is Her Serene Highness. Are you called madam or my lady?"

"I keep my birthright, and am called my lady."

The earl, who had been listening to the conversation, looked in some surprise at my lady, whose dark eyes were sparkling, whose fair, chestnut hair waved profuse and shining

around her face, with its soft outlines, smooth camellia-like skin, and firm red lips. Had not his uncle been about to marry some one in the neighborhood who was called "my lady"? But surely this lovely, youthful-looking woman could not be she! The earl dismissed the idea as preposterous.

"I think you are right," said Bettina. "Now there is Uncle Max, who, in Germany, is His Serene Highness, Maximilian, Grand Duke of Hohenzollernstein, will only be known when traveling as Count Lell. I tell him that I won't keep his incognito for him. If my uncle is a prince I want people to know it."

"And I think you are right," said my lady.

"But I fancy your uncle wishes to travel on his own merits," said the earl. "I think, Bettina, he gets tired of being a prince, and is glad to subside into a less illustrious personage, sometimes."

"But, then, he is so handsome and so distinguished in his appearance, that people always remark him," said Bettina.

"Bettina is enthusiastic on the subject of her uncle," said her father, smiling.

"I wish sometimes that he wasn't my uncle, and then I could marry him," said Bettina.

"Is he a widower?" asked my lady.

"He has never been married. He can't find any one to suit him. Oh, here he is!" said Bettina, jumping up as the door opened, and a remarkably handsome man came in. Tall and of superb form and carriage, he had a pale, aristocratic complexion, with high-bred, rather haughty features, set in a frame of curling, jet-black hair, and illuminated by a pair of brilliant gray eyes, with long, curved lashes. My lady judged him to be about thirty-five years of age.

"We were just speaking of you, Uncle Max," said Bettina, when he had been introduced to my lady.

"And what were you saying about me? Something impertinent. I am sure!"

"I was saying that you had never been married, because you couldn't find any one to please you!"

"I beg your pardon, but I have found many who pleased me, but, unfortunately, I did not please them."

"Oh, Uncle Max, as if any one wouldn't jump at such a chance!" cried Bettina.

"My dear, it's a pity that you are my niece."

"But she doesn't possess your two most important requisites for a beautiful woman, count—light hair and dark eyes!" said the earl, with a mischievous glance towards my lady.

The count colored a little and laughed.

My lady's eyes grew dazzling. She had caught the earl's glance and observed Count Max's confusion. Her thoughts traveled rapidly back to the time when the earl had first come to England. He had then seen her but once—at the fête given in her honor by his uncle, St. John St. Clair. She was very young at that time, and she knew that now she did not look very old. Her glass told her that today she looked no more than thirty at the most. With a healthy body, a luxurious life, and no heart, why should a woman ever grow old?

She wondered if the earl had recognized her? She resolved to say nothing of her grandson, and was now very glad that Lionel had refused to listen to her prayers to come back to her "bereaved heart and empty arms," as she had phrased it. If she should chance to become the Grand Duchess of Hohenzollernstein, she would, of course, leave England, and, as reigning princess of a German principality, what should she care for Charnwood Court and Chase? Lionel might even have Gwendolen back if he wished.

So, my lady, who had intended to make herself very agreeable to the young heiress, transferred her attentions to the uncle, although by no means in a marked manner. At the same time, she was very charming to Bettina, whom she asked to bring her uncle to see the Court, which was considered interesting by reason of its antiquity.

"Some one was telling me about a lovely old garden—I think they said it was called the Nuns' Garden! Uncle Max delights in such places!"

"The Nuns' Garden!—how unfortunate!" said my lady. "Mr. Charlton gave orders to have it plowed up a very short time before his death. I believe he intended to have some grapes there on account of the southern exposure."

"How could he!" cried Bettina. "And there was a legend connected with it—something about a doomed lady. Mr. Sterne—it was he who told me—said he couldn't exactly recall it."

"Yes; and Mr. Charlton—who said he did not believe in perpetuating nonsense—gave that as another reason for having the ground broken up. The servants were always fancying they saw ghosts, and he thought plowing up the ground might help to root out the superstition."

"Oh, what a pity! A legend always gives such interest to a place! I'm so sorry there is none connected with the Priory, and I can't find out that we have any ghost, either."

"If it will be any satisfaction to you, Bettina, I will tell you that there is a prophecy connected with the Priory," said her uncle.

"When the beloved saint comes back to Ilfradon, a brand he'll bear in either hand, his foe's castle to burn. What do you think of that?"

"Why, Uncle Max! Where did you find that?"

"In an old manuscript that was in an old chest in the left-hand tower, whither my antiquarian tastes had led me, having learned that a quantity of what the housekeeper styled 'old lumber' was stored there."

"How interesting!" cried Bettina. "What can it mean? The beloved saint! Why, that's Saint John, and papa's name is Herman!"

"And, as a stranger here, I can have no foes, I fancy," said the earl. "I think the prophecy must have been fulfilled before our day."

"St. John! Has there been an Earl St. John at any time—do you know, my lady?" asked Bettina.

"I think—wasn't your lordship's predecessor—?" said my lady, turning to the earl.

"My uncle! Yes, he was called St. John. But, poor fellow, he couldn't have done any such mischief, he was in possession so short a time."

"I think, if I understand the reading of the prophecy, it is when the 'beloved saint' shall come back to Ilfradon that the mischief is to be done," said Count Max.

"And, as my son is named for his Uncle Max, it can't apply to him," said the earl. "We must have a care that there shall be no St. John in the future, and so defy the fates."

"What is to be, will be," said Count Max, shaking his head. "There is no use in defying fate."

"But, as we are to be the mischief workers, I prefer to make the attempt," rejoined the earl. "I should prefer that all the Aymers of Ilfradon should live in peace with their neighbors. By-the-way, you have a son, I believe, my lady? Some one was speaking to me of a Mr. Lionel Charlton."

"He is now on the Continent. I wrote to him to return when I learned that we were to have neighbors. Poor boy, he has led but a lonely life, and I thought it best that he should see the world a little before settling down into the Master of Charnwood Court."

"I suppose he's very young?"

"Barely twenty."

"I judged so. You must have been married unusually young, my lady!"

"I was but fourteen at the time."

"And, upon my honor, you don't look twenty-five now," said the earl, and my lady, satisfied that she was supposed to be the mother, instead of the grandmother of Lionel, and to be no more than thirty-four years of age, felt quite sure of her title of Grand Duchess, especially as she fancied the earl would do all he could to further the match, as a prelude to the possible uniting of the Court and Priory by a second marriage—that of his daughter with the heir of Charnwood Court. My lady was quite sure, from the expression of Count Max's eyes, when he parted from her, that he would soon call at the Court.

"Perhaps he will come this morning," she thought, as she put on an elaborate white morning dress, trimmed with lavender knots and bows, and pinned a tiny rosette of lace, with lavender streamers attached, to the shining braids of her hair to do duty as a breakfast-cap, and then went around to the bailiff's cottage, which stood by the wall of the Nuns' Garden within the grounds of the Court and but a short distance from the door in the wall, to warn Bacio of the possible advent of visitors, whom he was by no means to let go into the Nuns' Garden, or to let them know that he was aware of the existence of such a place should they ask him any questions.

My lady's presentiment did not deceive her. About eleven o'clock Count Max appeared with his niece, the count informing my lady that he had already taken a stroll around her beautiful chase or park, as he called it, and which reminded him a little of the German woodlands. He had roused some pheasants, been threatened by an angry stag, and come very near being taken as a poacher by a gamekeeper, all of which incidents he had found very agreeable as being out of the region of the commonplace, a word that could certainly never be connected with Charnwood Court, or any of its surroundings.

"I am sorry I can't show you the Nuns' Garden," said my lady. "But there is another interesting spot that is connected with the legend. It is called the Dark Pool."

"How nice and shivery!" said Bettina.

It was a fact that Count Max looked a good deal at my lady, as she flitted before him and his niece down the long shaded alleys and half-wild approaches to the Dark Pool, occasionally turning her graceful head over her shoulder as she pointed out some particular beauty in the landscape. He also gazed at her quite fixedly as they stood on the brink of the Dark Pool, looking down into the sullen waters which reflected my lady's fair face and dark eyes, which seemed to peer out of those dark depths like the face and eyes of some lurking water-witch.

"Was no one ever drowned here, my lady?" asked Bettina. "It looks the very place for some frightful tragedy."

"No one that I ever heard of. It is very deep, however, and would be likely to keep its secrets, if it held any. You can fancy the bottom to be strewn with skeletons, if you like."

"Perhaps all the 'skeletons in the closets' have been thrown here," said Bettina. "But I meant to ask you to tell me the legend of the Doom Lady."

This my lady did. She always told a story charmingly, and wishing to be effective now, was doubly so.

"Have you no picture of her?" asked the count. "I fancy that she must have looked like your ladyship."

"There is a picture," said my lady, "but I have forgotten how it looks." To tell the truth, she had never felt the slightest interest in the family legend, but, on learning that a Grand Duke fancied such ancient lore, she thought it best to assume a similar interest, so she led the way to the picture-gallery, which was also used as a dancing-hall, and where many generations of Charltons were interspersed among historical, scriptural and fancy paintings, whose heavy, gilded frames lighted up the dark panels on which were carved festoons of impossible flowers.

"It used to hang at this end," said my lady. Then she started. "Is that—can that be it?" she said, in such a tone—almost of consternation—that Count Max and Bettina looked at her in some surprise before turning their eyes on the picture.

The background was very dark, almost

black, and seeming to start from it, bending forward, as if to float down from the canvas—so exquisitely soft and ethereal were the face and shape—was Gwendolen's very image.

"It is like embodied moonlight," said Count Max, softly, after a long silence. "It must have been a dream—a vision. No mortal woman was ever as beautiful as that!"

"Do you think it so very beautiful, count?" asked my lady, divided between jealousy of his admiration of the picture and a species of terror at the sight of Gwendolen's living semblance in this progenitress of the Charltons of Charnwood.

"There is a look of you in the eyes, my lady," was the count's reply, which happily somewhat restored my lady's equanimity, and she went into lunch in a very happy mood that the count explained an inclination to absence of mind, on which his niece rallied him by acknowledging that the Doom Lady's face haunted him.

"If my lady would only permit me to copy that face," he said. "I shall be haunted until I have fairly put it on canvas."

"The Doom Lady has you in her toils, Uncle Max!" said Bettina, laughing.

"I was haunted once before in this way by a Medusa—inexpressibly horrible, inexpressibly beautiful it was at one and the same time. I lost my sleep and my appetite, going around like a bewitched person, until it came into my head to transfer the face from memory to canvas. I did so, and when it was finished I was as well as ever."

"You are perfectly at liberty to copy this picture, Count Zell," said my lady, who thought shrewdly. "That will bring him often to the Court, and without his niece!" for Bettina had said that she could never learn oil painting, for the odor made her ill.

The count proposed, with my lady's permission, to begin his copy that day, and set off immediately to get his colors and canvas, Bettina telling my lady that she would stay a little longer and walk about the grounds.

"And I only wish your son were here to go about with me, my lady," she added.

"Lionel—why don't you call him Lionel? You will most likely be great friends, some day."

"May I? Lionel—it is such a pretty name?"

(To be continued.)

THE JESSE JAMES TRAGEDY.

THE FUNERAL OF THE DESPERADO.

THE recent killing of Jesse James, the notorious outlaw, at St. Joseph, Mo., is still the chief subject of interest in all that part of the country. Dramatic as were the circumstances of his death at the hands of a pretended friend and follower, the desperado's funeral was even more remarkable in its incidents and accessories. It occurred on April 6th, at Kearney, a town of about five hundred inhabitants, situated on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, twenty-four miles from Kansas City, where Mrs. Samuels, the dead man's mother, lives. Long before noon the town was full of people. The services took place in the Baptist church, half a mile east of the town, whither the body was escorted by a long procession, among the pall-bearers being the marshal, the sheriff and a deputy sheriff. The Rev. J. M. Martin preached the funeral sermon. He said: "On such occasions as this, when anything is said, it is customary to speak of the life and character of the dead. This is unnecessary here, for all I could say is only too well known already. I think my duty now is to speak to the living." During the services the women were all visibly affected. The mother moaned and groaned aloud.

After the services were concluded the procession, in buggies, wagons and on horseback, moved over the country to the Samuels farm, which lies about four miles nearly northeast of Kearney. It is a rough road, through vales, over hills and across streams, and in the neighborhood of the family residence the country is heavily timbered and covered with a thick growth of brush. On the way it was necessary to ford a stream, where the water was up to the wagon-box. The wagon was nearly overturned once en route, and it took two extra teams to pull it out of the mud.

Arrived at the house, the coffin was taken into the room where the wounded son, John Samuels, Jesse's half-brother, lay in bed. It was turned on edge, and he was raised up so that he could see the features of his dead brother. He wept bitterly and cried: "Oh, oh, God! Oh, Jesse! That over I should see you brought home this way!"

The mother approached the bedside, and, assuming a dramatic position, raised her only hand aloft, and said, in a loud tone of voice: "Johnny, my boy, look upon your sainted brother Jesse, your murdered brother Jesse. Look upon him, and then look upon your poor, broken-hearted, shattered mother. He is dead. They have killed him—your poor brother Jesse. He is in heaven. He has gone to God, and God will judge him. He is taken from me, and I have no one now to lean upon. Johnny, live for your mother—your poor, broken-hearted mother!"

Johnny made no response except a groan. The coffin was placed upon chairs in the yard and the lid opened. Mrs. Samuels came out, sobbing. "My heart is broken, my heart is broken, broken, broken! Oh, my heart is broken! They have killed my sainted son!" She was followed by Mrs. James, who, amid her sobs, with tears streaming down her cheeks, called for God to avenge the death of her good, kind husband, who was slain by a cowardly murderer for money. She clung to the coffin, leaning her head upon the glass, declaring that she would not let him go. Like Mrs. Samuels, she repeated over and over the expression: "He has gone to God; he is in heaven. God will condemn and punish all who had a hand in murdering him for money," etc.

The grave was dug in a corner of the lot, forty feet from the house. The burial was very affecting. There was singing and praying, with remarks by the Rev. Mr. Jones. The body was exposed to view, and everybody crowded round. Mrs. Samuels, the widow and family, took the last look. Jesse's widow fainted away when the body was put into the grave.

Governor Crittenden of Missouri is severely criticized for his connection with the shooting. He admits that he said to Bob Ford, "I want Jesse James brought in, and I will give you \$10,000 for him, dead or alive." Ford went to Sheriff Timberlake and Captain Craig, and with them made all his arrangements. Captain Craig armed him with two revolvers belonging to the State, and placed him in a house in Clay County to await the appearance of James. The latter, with Charlie Ford, who knew of his brother's proceedings, was planning the robbery of the Platte City Bank, and at Charlie's solicitation, came to seek Bob Ford, as they needed a third man. Bob Ford joined them, but not till he had sent the following dispatch to Timberlake, which the latter forwarded the Governor: "I have

gone after Jesse James, and in ten days I'll have killed him or he'll have killed me." The ten days passed and no word came, and they concluded that Bob had been killed, when on the thirteenth day the Governor received a dispatch from Bob Ford saying, "I have got Jesse James." The Governor justified his course as the only means by which James could be put out of the way, and says that nine out of every ten persons in the State are glad that Jesse was killed, and will uphold him (the Governor) in his course in the matter.

James's household goods and personal effects in the house at St. Joseph were sold at auction on the 10th instant, and brought extravagant prices. The plain cane-bottom chair on which he stood when shot was sold for \$5, an old satchel brought \$21, an old tin washbasin \$4.75, an old jackknife \$4.50; his dog, a worthless cur, \$15. The entire lot was not intrinsically worth \$10; but nearly \$200 was realized.

Elsewhere we present illustrations of the outlaw, the man who killed him, the scene at the funeral, and of Governor Crittenden. The latter official is a gentleman of high character and marked ability, and in the James matter, as in all other official concerns, has acted with upright and conscientious purpose.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES OF THE RICH AND THE POOR.

TWO pictures! Two striking pictures! Art in the *salon*—Art in the street! Art on canvas—Art on brick walls! In the *salon* are gathered together the critics and the would-be critics, the cultured ones who rave and gush over half tones, and aerial perspective and *chiaro-oscuro*. In the street are gathered together the uncultured, the un-aesthetic, who gaze in honest ecstasy at the illuminated playbills and vivid representations, done in every color in the rainbow—of the *faceties* of Mr. Clown, or the grotesqueness of the "original and only." In the *salon* are purple and fine linen, the most elaborate confections of Mr. Worth, the most correct coats by Smaillage. In the street are fustian and shoddy, and garments clinging like the shirt of Nessus. In the *salon* are whispers in bated breath; in the street the loud guffaw, and the expressions of a criticism which, at any rate, possess the redeeming influence of honesty. Mark the faces in the *salon*—refined yet indolent, playing at earnestness; while in the street every eye is thirsty, and eager glances—from that of the baby held aloft by its father, to that of Mick Quinn, who emerges from his cellar—are riveted upon the flaming poster just being pasted by the energetic if not acrobatic bill-sticker. In the *salon* the cultured taste is appealed to by tender bits of landscape, luminous sea views, delicious genre scenes and life-like portraits. In the street the uncultured taste is appealed to by chromos and cunning devices in color-printing, with the similar result of pleasing and calling forth criticism. Here we have the two art galleries, both with their admirers, both appealing to the artistic sense of their frequenters.

The Wheat Prospect.

REPORTS received in Milwaukee from one hundred points all through the wheat-producing region—Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Dakota and Manitoba—and partial reports from Illinois, show that the promise of an early seedling has not been realized. The Spring wheat acreage in Dakota and Manitoba will be greater than in 1881, while it will be less for the first time in its history in Minnesota, Iowa and Wisconsin. It is believed that the acreage in the Spring wheat district will be materially less this year than it was last.

Vaccinating Animals.

SINCE the wonderful discovery of M. Pasteur that sheep and other animals can be secured from splenic fever by inoculation, the practice of so treating animals has become common in France. The vaccine matter is carried in sealed tubes, and when the tube is opened its contents must be used the same day. A graduated syringe attached to a hollow needle forms the operating instrument. Sheep are inoculated in the middle of the thigh, the operator pushing the needle beneath the skin, and at the same time depressing the piston of the syringe to the first graduated mark. He then passes on to the next patient, and performs the same office. In this way, with a man to hold the animal, and another to operate, 150 sheep can, it is said, be treated in one hour. Oxen and horses receive double the quantity of vaccine matter, and the needle is applied to the shoulder or neck.

Fatal Accidents in the London Streets.

FATALITIES in the London streets continue to increase. During the past thirteen years the number of deaths annually reported by the Registrar General as due to horses and vehicles in the streets of the metropolis has almost steadily increased from 192 in 1869 to 252 in 1881. This latter number shows a considerable excess upon the number in any previous year, the nearest approach being 237 in 1878. If this heavy death-toll upon passengers in the London thoroughfares be analyzed with a view to distinguish the classes of vehicles which have most largely contributed to this slaughter, we find that 146, or considerably more than half, were due to vans, wagons, drays and carts, 44 to omnibuses and trams, 31 to cabs and 14 to carriages, while 13 were caused by horses. Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of these returns is the continually increasing fatality due to trams. So far as these deaths have been from time to time distinguished in the Registrar General's weekly returns, it appears that during last year more fatal accidents were caused by trams than by omnibuses.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Field-Marshal S. von Jovanowitch.

Field Marshal-Lieutenant Jovanowitch, the commander of the Hungarian troops now acting in Dalmatia, is sprung of a line of warriors dating from Maria Theresa. He was born on the 5th of January, 1828, and, after having received a military education—he was marching and counter-marching when five years old—at the age of fourteen was appointed a cadet in the Forty-fifth Regiment of Infantry. In 1846 he became Lieutenant; in 1849 Senior Lieutenant, and fought in the Italian campaign of 1848-49. At the age of twenty-four he was appointed Imperial Adjutant to Adjutant-General Killner. In 1859 he was elected as Major and President to the International Commission to arrange the Montenegrin dispute. Step by step Jovanowitch climbed the ladder of promotion, and 1869 found him a Brigadier. In 1870 he was General in command at Dalmatia, and in 1875 he was promoted to the high rank which he now so deservedly holds. Personally he is most popular both with his officers and in the ranks, while his honor is as stainless as his bravery is unquestionable.

The Armenian Patriarch.

Monsieur Nerec, the Patriarch of the Armenian Church, has been conspicuous for years past on account of his efforts in behalf of the ancient Christian com-

munity, of which he is the head. In fact, the oppressed condition of the Armenian subjects of the Sultan, numbering perhaps 1,700,000, in different parts of Asia Minor, Northern Syria, and Northern Mesopotamia, has continually occupied his attention in co-operation with the attempts by Great Britain to devise measures for their adequate protection. It is to be hoped that the efforts of Monsignor Nerec to procure the moral and diplomatic intervention of the European Powers on behalf of his afflicted people may be rewarded with speedy and complete success.

The Spittel Market at Berlin.

The Berlin markets are commonly held twice a week in the various large open spaces or squares that abound in the city, including the Leipziger-platz, the Gendarmen Market, the Dönhofs-platz, the Alexander-platz, the Moritz-platz, the Neue Market and the Spittel Market. The retail fish market is held in the Spittel Market Platz, whither Berlin housewives and cooks flock in crowds. Here quaint little trucks are drawn up, and on every side are to be seen tubs and tanks of all sizes, full of eels, carp, pike, roach, barbel and other river fish. "All alive, oh!" Hurling fellows, in sou'westers or peaked caps and long fisher boots, are carrying wooden and tin pails similarly stocked, backwards and forwards, and fishwives, chiefly in thick jackets, broad brimmed hats or capacious bonnets and long waterproof aprons, scud about with hand-nets full of freshly fished-up finny spoil, which they thrust abruptly under the noses of prospective purchasers, accompanied with energetic recommendations to buy. A portion of the Spittel Market is devoted to shell fish, which are kept in straw, and here you encounter boxes full of crawfish, young lobsters, prawns and crabs. The crawfish are so abundant that in many places they lie strewn about the ground, and it is with difficulty that you avoid trampling on them as you pass along. Five omnibus lines pass through the market, and there are two coach stands within hail.

A Pilgrim Encampment at Medina.

Medina, of which we give an illustration, is the second sacred city of the Mohammedans, its chief feature being the Hurbah or Mausoleum, which is surrounded by a green dome. The interior can only be seen through a small opening called the Prophet's Window. Huge hanging carpets, however, conceal the tomb of Mohammed, which is not visible to the eyes of even the most zealous Moslem. The mosque of the prophet is regarded with peculiar sanctity, a saying of Mohammed being cited to the effect that one prayer in it is more efficacious than 1,000 in other places, except in Mecca. At the time of the annual pilgrimage the city is crowded with the faithful, who encamp outside of the sacred area.

Victoria's Memorial to Beaconsfield.

The monument executed under an express commission from Her Majesty has just been placed in position in Hughenden Church, immediately above the seat habitually occupied by the late earl, that location having been personally designated by the Queen. The centre of the memorial is occupied by a profile portrait carved in low relief in statuary marble, placed within a quatrefoil cartouche, which is flanked by buttresses and crowned by a carved and crested canopy in which figures an heraldic batonnet of the late earl's arms and supporters. Beneath this is a tablet bearing the following dedication: "To the dear and honored memory of Benjamin Earl of Beaconsfield, this memorial is placed by his grateful and affectionate Sovereign and friend, Victoria, R. L. 'Kings love him that speaketh right.' Proverbs xvi. 13. February 27th, 1882." The whole of the architectural surroundings are in strict accord with the architecture of the church itself, and are wrought in Sicilian marble.

The Sicilian Vespers.

The six hundredth anniversary of this famous historical event was celebrated at Palermo, Italy, on the 31st ultimo, with general festivities. In 1282 the French ruled over the Two Sicilies, oppressing and despoiling the people until the yoke became insupportable. In March of that year, a French soldier having laid violent hands upon a Sicilian maiden, the anger of the people flamed into open revolt. All Palermo rose in arms; the people fell upon the French, and a horrible slaughter ensued. Other cities in Sicily did the same. The slaughter was termed "The Sicilian Vespers," because just as the people began to cry to arms, the vesper bells were beginning to ring. We give an illustration of the memorial cross which was erected over the graves of those who perished in that terrible affray.

Queen Victoria at Mentone.

Queen Victoria has found her temporary residence at Mentone, Italy, most enjoyable. She has been the recipient of marked demonstrations of respect, one of which took the form of an illumination of the East Bay, with a display of fireworks—prepared by the Municipality and townsfolk of Mentone in honor of Her Majesty's visit to their neighborhood.

Siberian Children at School.

A newspaper correspondent, who recently visited a school of Kirghis children in Western Siberia, thus describes what he saw: "When the door was opened we saw a little room four feet below the ground. On the floor sat five children from four to six years of age, with huge Kirghis books on their knees, reading half-aloud. The reading was, to our ears, something like the humming of bees, but was accompanied by the bleating of some young kids, kept in the same room behind a straw lattice. This did not prevent the animals from coming out now and then, showing their heads between the children's and looking on at the school." Our illustration pictures the scene as described.

A Parsee Tower of Silence.

Among the most curious sights of Bombay are the Parsee cemeteries, usually known as "Towers of Silence." The tower consists of a high circular building, resembling in shape a low gasometer, with one iron door, through which the corpse is carried in and laid on a platform. This platform is divided into three parts, in circles one within another. The outer circle is for men, the middle for women, and the inner for children. In the centre is a well, into which the bones of the deceased persons are thrown, after the more corruptible part of their body has been devoured by vultures and crows, flocks of which hover about the place. There are seven of these Towers of Silence in Bombay.

The British War-ship "Colossus."

The British war-ship *Colossus*, which was launched at Portsmouth on the 21st ultimo, presents the latest and most perfect development of the turret principle. She is entirely constructed of steel, with the exception of the heavy forgings composing the sternpost and after-piece of keel. The *Colossus's* armament will consist of four 43-ton breechloaders (two for each turret), four 6-inch breechloading guns to be mounted on the superstructure, two Gardner machine guns to be placed in the tops, ten Nordenfeldt guns, and twelve Whitehead torpedoes. The maximum thickness of the steel-faced armor on her sides is 18 inches, and on the turrets 14 inches and 16 inches. Her dimensions are: Length between perpendiculars, 375 feet; extreme breadth, 68 feet; draught forward, 25 feet 3 inches; aft, 26 feet 3 inches. She will be able to carry 950 tons of coal, and her complement of officers and men will be 396. Her estimated speed is fourteen knots. Her engines, inverted compound, with six cylinders, have an indicated horse-power of 6,000. The launch was witnessed by a crowd of dignitaries, and was in every way successful.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—It is said that the population of Corea is over 12,000,000.

—IMMIGRANTS are pouring into Manitoba in great numbers.

—A REDUCTION of 37,000 men is to be made in the Russian army.

—A WHITE man and a Chinawoman were married at Butte, Montana, recently.

—PAPER is used in Berlin restaurants as plates for dry or semi-dry articles of food.

—THE Arkansas Republican State Convention has been called to meet at Little Rock July 6th.

—THE Banking and Currency Committee of the House of Representatives has reported adversely the Bill for the taxation of greenbacks.

—THE young wheat has been greatly damaged in some parts of Ohio by the recent cold snap.

—AN eleven-year-old girl of Cincinnati jumped a rope 200 times the other day, and died not long after.

—THE Canadian Pacific Railroad is importing great numbers of Chinese workmen, two steamers being now due at Victoria with 3,000 such immigrants.

—THE legal rate of interest in Egypt has been reduced from 12 per cent. to 9 per cent. in the case of commercial paper, and to 7 per cent. in civil cases.

—FOLLOWING the example set in the Federal District and a few other Mexican cities, the Vera Cruz Council has prohibited bull fighting within the city limits.

—AS A means of retaliation for the passage of the Edmunds Bill, Mormon business men at Salt Lake City have pledged themselves not to trade with the Gentiles.

—MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, at Emmetsburg, Md., has been closed on account of the prevalence of malignant scarlet fever, from which two students have died.

—AUSTRALIA has had an exceptionally hot Winter—or Summer, rather—the thermometer on January 17th registering 114 degrees in the shade, which is above any previous record.

—THE Indians are not dying off. On the contrary, statistics show that there were 2,330 births among them to 1,989 deaths last year, the whole number in the country being now 261,851.

—THE French Government will dispatch eight expeditions to take observations of the transit of Venus. Four expeditions will be stationed in the northern hemisphere and four in the southern.

—NEWPORT anticipates a season of unusual brilliancy. Houses are going up in all sections of the city for Summer residents, and more building is being done than for ten or twelve years before.

—THE lower branch of the Ohio Legislature has directed the Attorney-General and Auditor of the State to take such steps as will compel the Standard Oil Company to return its property for taxation.

—THE returns issued by the Board of Trade show that during the month of March British imports increased, compared with that month in last year, by £1,200,000, and also that British exports increased £1,900,000.

—THE mission of the noble St. Bernard monks, as the rescuers of the mountain travelers in the snowy regions of the Alps, seems about ended. The railway under St. Gotthard will put a stop to travel over the mountain road.

—GOVERNOR FOSTER of Ohio has issued a proclamation setting apart April 27th as a day for the planting of forest trees in Ohio, by the roadsides, in groves and about homes. The Governor recommends the formation of forestry societies.

—IN the jail at Greenville, S. C., a few days ago, Richard Bates, colored, was married to a woman of his own race. The next morning the bride was transported to the penitentiary, while the groom will be hanged for arson on April 28th.

—FURTHER affidavits in behalf Dr. Lamson, the American physician, under death sentence in London for killing his brother-in-law, have been made in this country, setting forth that his mind had become greatly impaired from the excessive use of opium.

—THE House Committee on Commerce has incorporated in the River and Harbor Bill the scheme submitted by the Mississippi River Commission, appropriating \$4,123,000, \$600,000 of which is to be used between the mouths of the Illinois and Ohio Rivers.

—A DISPATCH from Tunis states that the Ouerghama tribe, inhabiting the Tripolitan frontier, have petitioned to be allowed to lay down their arms. It is believed that this will greatly conduce to the bringing about of the complete submission of various other tribes.

—THE Baptist ministers of Boston have adopted a memorial to the Governor of Massachusetts urging the abolition of fast-day, on the ground that it is no longer kept as a time of penitence, but is made an occasion of rest and amusement. They urge that days of fasting should only be proclaimed in seasons of great and general solemnity.

—THE House Committee on Railways and Canals has reported a Bill appropriating \$1,000,000 for beginning work on the Hennepin Canal in Illinois, to connect Lake Michigan with the Mississippi River. The Committee on Railways and Canals has also reported a Bill appropriating \$1,000,000 for a canal through Maryland and Delaware to connect the waters of Chesapeake and Delaware bays.

—Two private letters, dated Irkutsk, February 11th, 1882, have been received in Salem, Mass., by the family and friends of Mr. Newcomb, taxidermist on the *Jeannette*. Mr. Newcomb writes that, barring unavoidable delays, the party will arrive in St. Petersburg about May 1st. Lieutenant Danenbower was improving rapidly. Every member of the party has gained in health, and the tone of the letters is very hopeful and cheerful.

—A LETTER, dated January 16th, from Henry M. Stanley, who is engaged in the exploration of Africa, says the expedition is prospering, and he hopes to accomplish the object of it this year. Mr. Stanley was far up the Congo River when the letter was written. This expedition was begun in the interest of the Belgian Commercial Company, of which the King is the largest shareholder, with the intention of opening a way to the heart of Africa along the Congo River, which falls into the Atlantic Ocean about six degrees south of the equator.

—THE number of postage-stamps, cards and stamped envelopes issued during the nine months ending March 31st, aggregated 1,299,982,627, valued at \$30,697,114.07, an increase over the corresponding period of the previous year of 165,825,278 pieces, or 14 per cent., and in value of \$4,666,915.72, or 18 per cent. The receipts from the sale of stamps for the last quarter aggregated \$11,075,101.59, an increase over the corresponding quarter of 1881 of \$1,693,948.65, or more than 18 per cent.



MISSOURI.—THE BURIAL OF THE DESPERADO, JESSE JAMES—THE WAGON CONVEYING THE REMAINS MIRED IN A SWAMP.
FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDING ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 135.



KANSAS.—DESTRUCTIVE CYCLONE AND WATER-SPOUT IN RICE COUNTY, ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 6TH.—SEE PAGE 139.

ECHOES OF BYGONE YEARS.

A SONG comes back from the bygone years,
Whose melody never grows old,
And I listen again through my smiles and tears,
Though the singer lies dead and cold.
'Tis sung so sweet, by a voice so rare,
Far purer than any other,
And it moves along on the evening air—
The lullaby sung me by Mother.

There are times, it seems, when all alone,
That the singer is by my side,
And I hear the song, in a monotone,
Like the rippling of the tide.
While the days go by, till the end of time,
And the battle of life is ended,
May the singer never forget the rhyme
Till her bliss and mine is blended.

JAMES FOSTER COATES.

AN ANTIQUE.

A QUAIN, many-pillared, shadowy room! A room prodigally full of the much-sought-for and highly treasured handiwork of a bygone age—here, a curiously-fashioned scone, its candles multiplied again and again by the reflections of the highly-polished silver; there, a slender spindle-legged table; in one nook a wonderfully carved cabinet, black with age; in another corner, a heavily bound and clasped chest; and everywhere, hanging from the low walls, leaning against the fluted pillars, shining out in contrast to the dusky walnut of the doors and casings, objects worth to-day almost their own weight in gold. Over and above all these was an air, a stiffness and precise arrangement that told as plainly as any word could tell that this was not one of the many modern antique parlors. There was a lack of the striving to give prominence to the old furniture, and, perhaps, also a lack of the graceful adjustment, the fitting and dove-tailing of harmonious objects, that truly distinguished this room from its latter-day copies.

Near one of the low windows sat a lady, her hands busy with the darning of a bit of fine linen-damask, filling up the torn, ragged space with work intricate as lace embroidery; her subdued, faded, yet pleasant face; her quiet manner; all the varying details of her plain dress in as perfect harmony with the surroundings as was the little, old piano, with its three octaves of yellow keys, its odd rosettes of colored ribbon, narrow music-drawers and sliding brackets; or the long, narrow, thrice-divided mirror, in its tarnished gilt frame, that hung above the mantel.

Mistress and room were like the embodiment of some old painting, like the relics of past, forgotten years—veritable antiques, each of them.

In spite of the delicacy of her work, Miss Beauford's thoughts were not all centred on the damaged linen. As she sat drawing her needle in and out, backward and forward, her mind was grappling with a much more puzzling problem than the mere uniting of the severed threads. It seemed to her oft-times as though the had been dropped out of the pressing human throng for a while—as though, while others had hastened on physically and mentally, she had been held back, and upon her attempting to rejoin her kind, she saw them on heights far above her, their actions, motives, feelings all strange to her, their thoughts not as her thoughts.

Some lives come to be so! Adverse circumstance serves to hold them in check, to dwarf and stunt them for a time. When, at last, they are freed, they find others so far in advance, the world so full of new minds, new thoughts, new inventions, that it is to them like the awakening into a new sphere.

Trouble such as darkens but few homes had come to Miss Prudence in her girlhood—trouble now happily over and laid away for ever. Only an upper chamber in the Beauford mansion, its doors carefully closed and bolted against prying eyes and gossiping tongues; a room with guarded fireplace, barred windows and padded walls left of it all; a room filled with the childish work and fancies of an only sister, whose mind had become dim and confused over the sudden loss of both father and husband, who found no comfort in the baby boy left to her alone now, but from the deep brooding sorrow of the first days of her loss, changed suddenly to a gayety and lightness that alarmed her sister far more than the morbid grief.

"Her mind is quite unaltered," said the physician Prue had summoned hastily. "She may overcome it, but we can't tell," with a doleful shake of his head.

"She won't—she can't—she needn't be sent away anywhere!" Prudence had gasped, her eyes wild with this new terror fallen upon her so soon after her loss.

"Not if you can care for her here," was the reply. "She will never be violent, I think, but she will need constant care and watching. You are young, and here alone—"

"I have the servants," the girl had interrupted. "I think I can do all necessary," and she had folded away all her girlhood's hopes and dreams with her bright dresses and trinkets, and had devoted herself to this sister—never violent, as the physician had foretold, but peevish, mischievous, unreasoning, harder to manage than the young child to whose ways she had returned, in as much as her strength was that of the woman.

For twenty-five years Prudence had led this life, never off guard, ever on the alert, her heart and mind buried in the one house. Friends had slipped away unintentionally but inevitably. All outside her home was to her a blank. Between herself and the world lay a chasm only partly bridged over by the nephew—sent successively to school, college and abroad—who, with the instinctive dislike for the abnormal seen in all the young, came seldom, as seldom as possible, into the presence of a mother who never knew him as her

son, who came with her gray hair and wrinkled face to show him her toys and other caprices.

When all was over, when the bolt had at last been drawn on the muffled and guarded chamber, with its fantastic furnishings, when all further necessity for the almost entire seclusion was over, Miss Prudence had found herself loosed, free, but with empty hands and a purposeless existence.

Gradually she had been drawn towards her nephew, whose outgoing and incoming still made the old mansion less drearier. He had grown to man's estate now, and his enthusiasms and ambitions brought back to her some of her own youthful dreams. In the passing of a few months she had unconsciously begun to idolize him, to make him the centre of her universe round which all else must revolve. All her resource of honored name and vast wealth were at his command—

"All men beside were to her but shadows."

She loved him almost as a young girl her first lover.

And he?

Well, he liked, now that that other horrible presence had left the house, to go to his aunt to read her admiration in her withered, faded face, to hear her quaint, old-time opinions of men and things. For there was a child-like belief in the purity and incorruptibility of mankind, an unquestioning faith in the morality of, at least, the higher classes, still living in Miss Prue's unworried mind, that her lack of experience had served only to foster. To the skeptic hurling his shafts of ridicule against the so-styled "fable," the superstition that has outlived all else, and urging upon her his own clever theory of a chance creation, a chance Creator, she would have replied with the homely farmer:

"It must take a powerful amount of believing to believe that."

It is even possible that she clung to the Mosaic testimony as to the formation of the world, she was so far behind the speculations of modern minds.

So she lived on her simple life for a year or two, only varying its monotony to open her old, tender heart and arms wide enough to hold the girl of her nephew's choice, and to dream loving dreams of their future together in the deep shadows of her parlor.

"Only a few more months to wait," she said to herself, "and her boy would bring home his wife. She would have a companion in the solitude of her almost friendless state. Once again she would be one of a happy home-neat."

It was now the Spring before one of the hot, political contests that rack and wring our country to the heart-core. The hum of excitement, the jangle of party weapons was already in the air. Candidates for office were smiling upon their friends, and flinging calumny at their opposers. Caucuses of three and four were to be seen at every street-corner, post-office and saloon. Each man throughout the State talked, acted, ay, perhaps even thought, his opinion worth something in the formation of the party ticket; while the two or three who move the vast machinery were closeted together, weighing this name and that name in the balance of public favor.

One space was still vacant on the list—an important post seemed to be begging for a name. The wise heads puzzled their minds in vain for a time, until one at last suggested, cautiously, and with apparent hesitation, the young lawyer, Beauford Percy.

"Yes, he's young, I know," he replied to the surprised objections of his colleagues. "He's young, but he's smart, and he's got the energy to fight it through. He has Percy grit and cleverness, and Beauford money to back him. He would come out ahead of his ticket, I feel confident. His age is nothing against him, after all. People get tired of voting gray-heads into office, and a young name like this will help us."

So it had been suggested to him quietly and privately that his name would be brought before the convention as a candidate, unless he should find some reason for preventing the action.

The young man had gone home that evening, his brain in a whirl, his heart throbbing, his whole bearing showing intense excitement. He found his fiancée with his aunt, for she had fallen into the habit of spending her holidays and half-holidays of release from the treadmill drudgery of a teacher's life in the secluded, quiet nook that was to be to her a future home, listening to the peaceful words of Aunt Prue, and watching the heavy hands of the old clock as they dragged round to the hour of Beauford's home-coming, and placing an arm about the shoulders of each, he told them the important tidings.

Neither betrayed much surprise. They both loved and admired him, so that they considered the best gift, the highest honor the nation could bestow, none too great for him.

All that evening they spent in happy planning. The two women utterly blind, entirely ignoring the fact of a possibility of defeat—laughing the young man's doubts and fears to scorn in their loving pride.

The Spring and Summer months had now gone by, and, as Miss Prudence sat drawing her needle in and out of the meshes of her fine work, her thoughts were busy with this one engrossing theme.

A new furrow of care had marked its way on her forehead; there was a puzzled, uncomprehending look in her eyes. She could not understand the passing events. Her nephew away from week to week, only coming now and then to recruit for a day or two, his manner changed from its old careless lightness to a worried, nervous irritability, all his former frankness replaced by a moody secrecy.

Honors were dearly bought that cost so many unhappy days, so many sleepless nights, she thought.

As the time of election drew near, a great fear grew upon her. Hints began to reach her, dark stories seemed hovering in the air.

She could no longer sit quietly at her darning. Her one wish now was that all might be over, that they, she, her nephew and the girl so soon to be her niece, might return to the old, quiet, pleasant days of the Spring. The jostling and crowding of her confused thoughts seemed wearing away her strength; she was totally unfit for the glare and excitement around her.

It lacked but a week of the important day, and, as the lonely woman wandered about her gloomy house, restlessly busying herself, now in one spot and now in another, her mind on her nephew whom she had not now seen for a month, and the one girl friend who had seemingly deserted her for a longer time than that, sighing, wishing, longing for rest again, a paper was brought her.

She took it wonderingly, and glanced in half-frightened curiosity at the still damp sheets. Until recently she had seldom cared to see the comments and criticisms of the ubiquitous columns; now she read each day a party paper, carefully preserving such as praised and lauded her nephew, glowing over the many compliments paid him, smiling at the sly hits at the weak spots in the armor of the opposition, seeing everywhere the certainty of their own success.

Her hands trembled as she held the unknown tidings; she sat down feeling a kind of premonition of what was to come.

Suddenly her eyes lighted on a familiar name!

A moment more and the letters were dancing up and down before her eyes, a great throes of chilling pain swept over her.

Beauford Percy in clear, distinct type—her Beauford, accused of bribery and corruption! Of buying vote after vote with his aunt's gold, and of paying for influence and favor with his own honor. Of breaking his plighted faith to secure the service of a wealthy, important man, a necessary factor to insure success through his pledges and promises to the daughter.

It was a common enough story. Any expedient has come to be regarded as at least only questionable if it gain the end in view. The world is no longer held in the leading-strings of strict morality and probity; it had advanced beyond that—only Miss Prudence had been left behind—and to her conscience, to her ideas, the word "disgrace" was stamped irrevocably on the old name that her nephew bore.

"If it be true—if it be true!" she kept murmuring to herself, as she rocked slowly back and forth, her temples aching, her worn fingers moving restlessly about.

For the loss of the money she cared but little. All that was hers would belong to him some day—belonged to him now, if it need be. But to use it for such a purpose, and above all to pervert even the tenderest, most sacred feelings to this cause, to betray the girl that had loved and trusted him so, it must be a mistake.

All that day the woman strove to fight away the trouble that had again encircled her; all that night she lay in restless agony rebelling against the unkind destiny that claimed her. She had had so little experience, was so unversed in the ways and wiles of the "children of this generation." She felt as one branded with eternal disgrace. She had no merciful conception of the trivial nature of these transactions in the eyes of men.

With the coming of the morning's sun she had fixedly determined on one plan. If all her happy hopes for the future years were to be overthrown, she would at least take the young girl, whose heart and love had been cast aside, away from the dreary monotony of a teacher's life; she herself would have one left to comfort and care for.

Waiting until the deep-toned bell called out the release from the hours of labor, and she saw the groups of merry-faced children flocking along the street, Miss Prudence started in search of her friend.

If she had lingering doubts as to the truth of her nephew's falsity, it she had unconsciously clung to a fragment of hope that the dreams they three had dreamed together of the coming years might yet be realized, all was put to flight when she saw the girl's face—the hollow circled eyes, the weary, jaded mouth, the pale cheeks from which all fresh bloom had faded.

"Bertha!" she cried, in pitying surprise, taking the slight form into her arms.

The girl clung to her, sobbing, trembling for a moment, then as she drew away half-ashamed:

"I have been all alone so long," she said, hoarsely.

Miss Prudence took one of the lifeless hands and held it tenderly in her own as she said, timidly:

"But you will come to me now? My dear, I am alone, also, and I need you so."

Bertha started.

"Oh, not there—not there!" she said, nervously, her face flushing, her eyes full of tears.

The older woman read the unspoken thought.

"I am quite alone," she replied, quietly. "I shall live so always unless you come to me."

A long silence followed. Then the girl murmured, hurriedly:

"Don't be so hard on him. He is unhappy, too, but he says it is necessary. It will be a close contest, and the party needed the influence of this man. It is all as it should be. I am not suited for such a life, and—the other is brilliant and beautiful."

Miss Prue looked her firmly in the eyes.

"Unless you consent to come I shall be alone and friendless," she repeated, determinedly, rising as if to leave.

"Then give me time to think," Bertha pleaded. "I will come to you. I will let you know soon," and then Miss Prudence had gone away, a numb aching in all her limbs, an odd sensation of strangeness, of her remoteness from others of her race, stealing away her faculties.

The contest was a close one. All the schemes and artifices employed in turning the scale

were put forth on the final day of decision. The streets were full of the clamor of the strife, and echoed to the sound of hurrying, excited feet, but Miss Beauford heard all unmoved. Victory or loss, all was one to her now. She listened only for Bertha's coming. She was eager only to hear her decision.

Early on the following morning she heard of her nephew's success, of the triumph of cunning device, heard with a curious sinking of heart, for defeat might have brought him back to her again, though she would not acknowledge this to herself. Now, all hope of that was cut off forever—she hardened her heart against the successful man, and yearned for the girl whose dearest longings had been sacrificed to his exaltation.

In the twilight of the November afternoon Bertha came, hesitatingly, almost shrinkingly, till when, in the fire-lighted parlor, Miss Prue turned to her with outstretched arms and trembling voice, saying:

"Is this my daughter?"

And the girl, putting away her own fears, reading the wistful craving of her old friend, took the poor, faded face between her slender palms and kissed the sunken cheeks as she answered:

"Yes."

As they sat together in the gloaming a great peace came to the older woman; the younger only felt a sort of calm stealing over her.

Suddenly there was a rush of cold air. The heavy street door opened and closed; there was a step coming towards them—a step that they both knew.

The girl flushed. A nervous tremor shook her body. The woman, with a flash of scorn in her old, brave eyes, rose to meet the intruder.

A moment more and he was with them, the two who had loved and trusted him and whom without a thought he had betrayed. He was excited with his victory, an air of assurance breathed from him—he had lost far more than he had gained. As he saw them thus together for an instant he hesitated, then coming boldly forward would have made some explanation, have attempted some justification, but Miss Prue waved him back. He looked in some way smaller, less of a man in her unworried eyes.

Without one word she found and passed into his hands the newspaper, with its scathing disclosure, then turning, followed Bertha from the room, leaving him silenced and stunned to find his way out into his chosen sphere—going with her one companion back to the seclusion and quiet peacefulness of her old life.

THE CHEROKEES.

THEIR CONSTITUTION, GOVERNMENT AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

By LAURENCE LAMB, OF MEMPHIS, TENN.

PEOPLE of the East are not generally aware that there are five semi-civilized tribes of Indians, who have their own constitutional governments and enjoy many of the comforts of polite life. These are the Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Seminoles and Creeks. They are situated nearly together in the Indian Territory and are called "Nations." The necessary brevity of a newspaper article precludes more than a cursory review of what I have seen in this land of the semi-civilized redmen. They have separate governments, which are republican in form and modeled after those of the States with written Constitutions. They have chiefs who are their governors, councils which make their laws, and all of the ordinary subordinate officers—sheriffs, "executive" secretaries, etc.—to maintain order and preserve the public records. All the departments are complete but rude imitations. As their habits and institutions are so nearly alike, it is only necessary to describe particularly what was seen in a visit to the Cherokee country to convey an adequate idea of them all.

Tahlequah, a little Indian village, is the Cherokee capital. I went there to look into the archives of the nation. The "Executive Secretary" was a well-educated man and generously communicative. With evident pride he conducted me through the Capitol building. It was a comfortable brick structure situated in the centre of the town after the manner of ordinary country court-houses, altogether just such a looking village as can be seen in the inland counties of any of the States. The Capitol building was conveniently arranged, with Senate and Lower House chambers and various executive offices. The records were all neatly kept by the secretary, who invited me to inspect his books. They were identical in form with those used in the most enlightened countries. Printed blank writs, indictments and other instruments in the stationery department were suggestive of judicious enforcement of law. The secretary gave me two copies of the Constitution and code. They were printed volumes, bound in calf. One was in English and the other in the Cherokee dialect. I have since read the English copy. The Constitution is in form and substance similar to that of New York. The statutes are well-framed ordinances which embrace all essential details for the maintenance of good government. One thing particularly noticeable is that the land tenure is fixed just as Henry George prescribes for universal adoption in his "Progress and Poverty." All of the people are tenants in common, but acquire exclusive right of possession and sale of lands which are improved. That is, they may hold or convey the improvements in severalty, and the soil, of course, must go with them. Each individual has the right to take up and improve vacant lands for his own use wherever he finds them. The Chief Bushyhead has written a work upon this subject. Bushyhead is a cultivated man and only part Indian, though a native born. He was educated partly, it is said, at Princeton. He talked very sensibly upon the conditions of his people, and is earnestly at work to lift them up. The Chiefs of the Choctaws and Seminoles are genuine, Simon-pure Indians. McCurtain is a man of unusual mental vigor. He expressed a desire for railroads through his country, and seemed anxiously to anticipate the improvements and comforts that would follow. He was actively at work to induce his tribe to grant the right of way through the nation to the Chicago, Texas and Michigan Central Railroad Company, which since has been done.

The members of all the councils and the most important executive officers of these five tribes are elective, and are restricted in their functions by thoroughly democratic principles. Collectively they are not good-looking Solons, being the representatives of the various conditions of full-bloods and half-breeds; but as legislation is controlled by a few dominant minds that are educated, they enact much better laws than would be expected. They have determined to fully adopt the English language as soon as the masses of the people have learned it;

therefore, it is exclusively taught in the schools. It is also used in conducting all of the public business. The full-bloods, however, still cling with pertinacity to their own dialect. The Cherokees, who have an alphabet of their own, print in both languages copies of their laws, religious instructions, and other things necessary for everybody to know. The Cherokee *Advertiser* is printed one-half in Cherokee, and the other in translated English. The Indian *Journal*, of Muskogee, in the Creek Nation, is entirely in English.

II.

The day after my arrival at Tahlequah, the President of the Cherokee Board of Education, a genial Cherokee, called for me at the diminutive, quaint-looking brick hotel, with his carriage, and tendered a most delightful drive. Along our road, which wound over an undulating and extraordinarily beautiful country, were here and there Indian huts and patches of cotton and corn. At intervals we passed well-cultivated fields and comfortable homes, indicative of thrift. After five miles of an exhilarating ride, we approached a large brick building of more than ordinary beauty. It was the Male Institute. Situated upon a commanding eminence, it overlooked the surrounding country for many miles. A smooth walk extended from the gate to the broad stone steps of the vestibule. Huge Corinthian-capped pillars reached up to the cornice and contributed both to the ornament and stability of the structure. It was modern and complete in all its appointments. Upon either side of the capacious hall on the first floor were recitation-rooms, libraries, dining-rooms, laboratories and parlors. Stairways wind up to the dormitory above, where there were about one hundred comfortable apartments. The recitation-rooms were furnished with desks of the latest pattern, and upon the walls hung blackboards covered with written exercises of the pupils. These indicated the extent of progress made in the various departments. There were abstract propositions accurately solved, grammatical phrases in good chirography, and beginners' scrawls of bad English, interpolated with dialectic blunders peculiar to the race. The facility with which even the smallest of the boys seemed to write was remarkable. A little fellow only thirteen years old was called to the blackboard and wrote with rapidity and grace at the dictation of his teacher. I was informed by the Superintendent of the school that the imitative is peculiarly an Indian faculty. The pupils readily become skillful in the execution of mechanical work, and take great delight in learning to draw. They acquire information, parrot-like, by memory, with so little difficulty that they are often advanced to higher grades before they adequately comprehend the meaning of the most rudimentary branches. This deficiency often escapes detection until they are promoted far beyond their appropriate classes. In fact they often complete the scholastic career without distinctly realizing the purport of scarcely anything they have learned. It is on this account that it is so easy and natural for the educated Indian to relapse into ignorance. He rarely retains more than the first elements of knowledge. This may not, however, be essentially a defect of the Indian mind, but attributable to the lack of polite association through life. Pick up an Indian boy from the woods, cram him with book-learning and then send him back to live with ignorant associates, and all that he has learned is apt to amount only to profitless memory. Thus even the highest civilization of the Indians is extremely superficial. The Cherokees are, perhaps, the most enlightened of all the tribes, and there are many evidences of advancement in their country, but their condition would surely be over-estimated if reckoned merely by outward signs. Neither the superiority of a class nor the excellence of some of their houses furnishes an accurate criterion by which to judge the masses. This splendid-looking institution of learning in a semi-barbarous land was in strange contrast with its rude surroundings. The groups of copper-colored youths around the yard were pictures of the society as it exists throughout the nation. A few of them, the most advanced, were as well-dressed as ordinary young men at school, others were more slovenly in their attire, while some who had but lately come in from the woods to matriculate still retained feathers in their hats, red handkerchiefs around their necks, or other gauds to adorn their persons. The average attendance at this school was about one hundred and twenty. It was entirely under the management of the Cherokee authorities and was built by the public fund. No tuition was charged, and every Indian had the privilege to attend if he desired.

III.

The seminary for girls, about three miles away, was identical in structure and under similar direction. The yard was more tastefully kept and the premises showed none of the marks of destructibility peculiar to males. The same characteristics of superior tidiness and taste that is generally evinced by the gentler sex, was noticeable here at every turn. Flowers blossomed unmolested in the yard, and from several of the dormitory windows tropical plants were exposed to the sun, evidently tended with great care by the dusky maidens. The parlor was handsomely furnished and carpeted with Brussels. Upon the walls were suspended paintings in oil, a large mirror, and other ornamental hangings. At the end of the room was a superb upright cabinet piano, from which, much to my surprise, a half Indian woman, the music-teacher, discoursed some of Beethoven's most delightful strains. Several of the older girls were called in to assist in our entertainment. They were, as is most frequently but not universally the case with the most polished Indians, only slightly tinged with Indian blood. The pupils are trained to domestic habits, and taught all kinds of handiwork, in which they soon become very skillful. About one hundred and fifty attend the school, and as it was recess when we were there, the buzz of playful girls sounded merrily in the halls. The coy creatures darted into concealment and peered at us slyly from behind corners as we were being conducted by the matron around the premises.

IV.

The next place we visited was the asylum—a charitable institution which would reflect credit upon any Christian community. It was more ornamentally built than the school, and was conducted under very systematic management. It was three stories high, and constructed of brick. The inmates were the old, the maimed, the insane, the sick and the blind, all of whom were comfortably cared for at the public expense.

Having completed the inspection of the wards of the asylum, we started upon our return to the sleepy Indian village from which we had driven. On the way we passed a pretty little brick church, erected upon the summit of a hill, and which seemed to look down with an air of guardianship upon the surrounding country.

In addition to the institutions just described, the Cherokees have a well-conducted orphan asylum, in which the inmates are efficiently taught. They have also a number of primary or common schools, several of which are in each district. According to a statistical report handed to me by the Executive Secretary of the Nation, 9,291 children were regular attendants at school during the year 1880. The total citizen population, including both adults and minors, was 20,086 for the same year. This shows that the Cherokee Indians have even better school facilities than some of the States. Every native of the country, however indigent, has the opportunity to educate, and, if need be, support his children at the public expense. The Cherokee Government has a large fund of money profitably invested, and its expenses are paid by clipping coupons. The taxes are imposed upon the people. This wealth was acquired by the sale of lands in Georgia to the United States. The tribe were removed from there about fifty years ago, and were paid five millions of dollars by the Government.

V.

THE Cherokees are the only American Indians who have a written language. The facts concerning the origin of their alphabet were told to me by an old man who remembered Se-quoy-ah, the inventor. Se-quoy-ah lived about half a century ago. Though born a barbarian, he was a genius. In a limited capacity he was an Edison among his people. Being a moody, thoughtful fellow, he isolated himself from companionship, and while the other men of his tribe scamped around the country upon their ponies, hunting and indulging in wild sports, he remained at home making little ingenious contrivances to save labor. As is the common fate of genius, he was supposed by his friends to be crazy. One day a white man, an adventurer, came into the tribe, and Se-quoy-ah chanced to hear him read a letter. He asked what it meant and was told. His comrades marveled and attributed supernatural faculties to this strange man, who heard language from afar off upon paper. He went to his home for reflection. In perplexity he exclaimed: "Why cannot Indian do like white man?" After a long while of silent thought, he resolved that he could, and went to work to prove it. The Indian language is syllabic. It is made up entirely of multitudinous combinations from eighty-five syllables, which are its elementary parts. Se-quoy-ah discovered this, and began to carve out figures to represent them. He pursued his object steadily until at length, in triumph, he was about to realize his aspirations. All the syllables but two or three were carved and his energies were intensified to complete his alphabet. His wife, like all others of the tribe, thought her husband was insane, and as he concentrated his attention so completely upon what she deemed his absurdities to the neglect of herself, became exasperated and threw his invention into the flames. It was destroyed, but the hope of genius rose from the ashes. His characters were made which indeed were simpler and better than the first. The next step was to introduce the art among the people. The manner in which this was effected was no less ingenious than the invention itself. Secretly a companion was taught the system. A grand council of the nation was soon to be held many miles away. This confederate was instructed to attend and await a letter which was to be sent to him by Se-quoy-ah, to be read to the council. Accordingly, when the time came a messenger was dispatched with the letter, the contents of which had been made known to him that he might verify it when read. The members of the council were astounded and thought, until the matter was fully explained, that the parties concerned were "Big Medicine Men" of the first magnitude. The system is so simple that even among semi-savages it was readily adopted, and soon, instead of carving their words, writing materials were obtained from the whites, and nearly every Indian learned to write. All of the words in the language being composed of some combination of the same eighty-five syllables, with fixed sounds and represented by fixed signs, it is a very easy matter for anybody who speaks it to read and write. It is acquired by the natives without regular tutelage. The children learn to read their own language almost as readily as they obtain the ordinary information of life by imitating those who are older than themselves.

In his old age the true greatness of Se-quoy-ah was barely recognized. He went down to his grave like many other brilliant self-sacrificing workers, with little more reward than the empty glory of posthumous applause.

DESTRUCTIVE CYCLONE IN KANSAS.

THE Western States were visited during the earlier part of the month by unusual meteorological disturbances, some of which carried death and desolation in their track. In Michigan, many lives and much property were destroyed by tornadoes which swept everything before them. In Rice County, Kansas, on the night of the 6th, a cyclone demolished twenty out of twenty-six buildings in the town of Chase, and did other damage. It was accompanied by a veritable water-spout, pouring a deluge of water in some places and drowning everything loose in other spots. The wind was so violent that it sucked all of the water out of the wells. As the cloud approached Chase it was in the shape of a funnel, whirling and twisting with fearful velocity. Among the buildings destroyed were two churches. All the inhabitants of Chase were more or less injured, but few escaping without hurt of some kind. Many families were reduced to destitution, and compelled to seek shelter in box-cars until other refuge could be provided.

A Free College for Colored People.

A BILL of considerable interest to the colored people of the country has been introduced in the New York Legislature. It incorporates a board of trustees, headed by ex-President Hayes, who will have charge of a million-dollar fund, donated by Mr. John F. Slater, of Connecticut, for the purpose of founding a free educational institution for colored persons alone. The incorporators mentioned in the Bill, in addition to Mr. Hayes, are Morrison B. Wallis, of the District of Columbia; William E. Dodge, of New York; Daniel C. Gilman, of Maryland; John A. Stewart, of New York; Alfred H. Colquhoun, of Georgia; Morris K. Jesup, of New York; James P. Boyce, of Kentucky; and William A. Slater, of Connecticut.

A New Domestic Animal.

THE cabial is the name of an animal about the size of the average pig found in great abundance in South America, which Dr. Saec proposes to domesticate. It can be tamed very easily; it quickly recognizes its master whom it follows everywhere, and when caressed it eagerly seeks for it; especially likes to be scratched, and, to attract attention, extends itself full length on one side. It is very clean in its habits; in shape the cabial realizes the normal type of the meat-producing animal, as its body is an almost perfect cylinder were it not for its neck, with its limbs short and slender; tail and ears very short; the head alone is large. Its apathetic character makes all nourishment available which it consumes, so that it is not necessary to fatten it, and it can be kept in a limited space. It is kept in a dry stable, where it is fed on all kinds of vegetables, herbs and roots; it likes clean water and a soft litter. It eats remarkably little for its size. "It will be," remarks Dr. Saec, "an excellent acquisition for farms and country-houses, where, without requiring more care than a rabbit, it will supply as much meat as a sheep. I believe that the cabial will take a place between the sheep and the pig in Europe, and that in many ways it can be substituted for this last-named domestic animal."

Circulating Libraries in China.

ALTHOUGH of comparatively recent introduction into Europe, circulating libraries are an old institution in China. Fifteen hundred years ago they existed in the chief educational centres, and were supported by the annual contributions of subscribers domiciled in all parts of the empire. Then, as now, the books in circulation were conveyed to remote districts by travelers who distributed them regularly to the subscribers, collecting from the latter works that had undergone perusal. Two or three years at a stretch were not infrequently spent by these agents in making the round of the

towns and villages comprised within their several circuits. They collected subscriptions as well as manuscripts, and were often literary students of respectable social standing. The taste for works of fiction and *belles lettres* appears to have been as predominant among the Chinese reading public in the third century of our era as it is in the majority of European countries at the present day, for we learn that books of this class constituted about four-fifths of the stock thus kept in circulation. This is stated to be still the case. Novels, poems and plays are invariably in great demand, even in outlying frontier provinces, regarded as semi-barbarous by Chinese *litterati* and aesthetes "of the Centre," and visited only once in a twelvemonth by the distributing and collecting agent, while his torical and scientific works are a mere drug in the reading market.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Iridium is many times harder than the hardest steel, and will not rust or corrode in any atmosphere or fluid. The only means of cutting iridium is by friction with a soft metal wheel charged with diamond dust or fine corundum.

The Remains of a Mastodon, estimated to measure thirty-six feet from the tips of its tusks to the tip of its tail, were recently discovered in a bayou two miles and a half east of Richmond, Ind., by workmen engaged in excavating for a fish-pond.

A Rich Discovery of Lacustrine relics has been made at Stockhorn, on Lake Constance. They consist of flint and bone implements, pottery, bones of animals now extinct, and a quantity of wheat and oats. The relics have been placed in the Frauenfeld Museum.

Herr Ernest Hackel, who for two years has been making zoological and botanical researches in the south of Ceylon, has nearly completed his labors and will shortly leave for Egypt. Fifty cases, containing the results of his long efforts, have left Ceylon for Jena.

The Authorities of the meteorological office in London announce that they propose to chart and discuss the weather of the North Atlantic Ocean for thirteen months, beginning next August. They request owners and captains of vessels traversing the Atlantic to assist in the work.

A Buried Forest was recently discovered by workmen on the Denver and New Orleans Railroad about twenty miles from the former city. The trees were all petrified and agatized, of various sizes, and were found at depths of from ten to twenty feet, and, if proper machinery was used, could be unearthed nearly or quite whole.

The German Polar Commission has decided to erect one station in the North Arctic Zone, at Cumberland Sound, in Davis Strait, and another in the South Arctic Zone, on the island of Georgia. The southern expedition will be headed by Dr. Schroeder, of the Hamburg Observatory, and the northern expedition by Dr. Gliese.

Movements of the ground appear to be now going on in the Jura. M. Girardot has lately pointed out that villages which were invisible to each other at the beginning of the century, and even thirty to forty years ago, are now visible, the roofs first appearing and then the walls. Important changes have been observed even within ten years.

A New Atlantic Cable is projected in Denmark, the plan being to connect Scotland, the Faröe Island, Iceland and Greenland by short cables, the whole line to terminate at Quebec. One great advantage of such a cable would be in facilitating the system of telegraphic weather reports which in Europe is seriously crippled for want of observations on the meridians of Iceland.

Mineral-tanned Leather is impervious to water, and is said to be much more durable than leather prepared in the ordinary manner. Tests have been made which show that belts of mineral-tanned leather are not only thirty per cent. cheaper, but are stronger than common belts. The mineral process of tanning is reported to have been introduced into eight tanneries in Germany.

An Enormous Tree, believed to be many hundred years old, was blown down in New Zealand not long ago and found to contain piles of human bones in its hollow trunk. Some of the skeletons were nearly perfect, while others appeared to have existed in the tree in a chaotic mass of heads, hands, feet and arms. None of the Maoris of the neighborhood knew of the existence of this strange burial-spot, and they declare that it must have been used long before the time of their fathers.

A Very Remarkable Improvement in the telephone, by means of which vocal messages can be transmitted over the wires thousands, instead of tens and hundreds, of miles, as heretofore, is reported to have been recently demonstrated in Boston, where the main office of the Bell Telephone Company is situated. It is stated that the only alterations required in the construction of the ordinary telephone consist in the substitution of batteries of four cells each for the feeble ones employed for telephoning in the present state of the science, and in the substitution of carbons treated in a particular manner, which is kept secret as yet, in place of the simple carbon-vibrating surfaces with which even the ordinary observer is familiar. In other words, transmission at long distances, as from New York to Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, or even San Francisco, requires simply the application of a battery power four times greater than that usually employed, and the use of carbons subjected to a process of preparation that the inventor is not yet ready to divulge.

Death-roll of the Week.

APRIL 9TH.—In New York city, Joseph B. Weaver, proprietor of the Everett House, aged 46; at Hillsboro, N. H., Colonel Henry D. Pierce, brother of the late President Pierce, aged 66; at London, England, Denis Florence McCarthy, a distinguished Irish poet and translator, aged 82; at Paris, France, Charles Alfred Bertauld, a Life Senator of France and author of several works on jurisprudence, aged 70. April 10th.—At Providence, R. I., Elisha R. Potter, formerly member of Congress and latterly Judge of the Supreme Court, aged 71; at Red Bank, N. J., Jacob Schofield, a veteran of the war of 1812 and formerly a member of the Legislature, aged 90; at Chicago, W. A. Hulbert, President of the National Base-ball League; at Fort Scott, Kan., D. P. Lowe, formerly member of Congress and latterly Judge, aged 69; at London, England, Henry Forrester, an actor distinguished in the rôle of *Jago*; at Paris, France, Jules Etienne Joseph Quicherat, an eminent historian and archaeologist, aged 68. April 11th.—At Washington, D. C., John Lenthall, naval constructor United States Navy (retired), aged 74; at London, England, John Francis, publisher of the *Athenaeum*; Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the artist and poet, aged 34. April 12th.—At Wilkesbarre, Pa., Isaac C. Osterhout, the largest landowner in the city; at Brattleboro, Vt., Charles M. Davenport, a leading lawyer and Democratic politician, aged 51; at Paris, France, M. Trinquet, the Communist leader; Mme. de Balzac, widow of the famous French novelist. April 13th.—At Baltimore, Md., Jacob Ellinger, a large operator in live stock, aged 61; at Worcester, Mass., George W. Gill, a prominent railroad man and Democratic politician; at Norristown, Pa., Henry P. Ross, a prominent Democratic lawyer and judge, aged 46. April 14th.—At Burlington, N. J., General H. Seymour Lansing; at Hiram, O., Mrs. Alfa Boynton, mother of Dr. S. A. Boynton, one of the late President Garfield's physicians, and the only sister of the late President's mother, aged 75.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

TENNYSON has just completed another play.

SALVINI will return to this country for a dramatic tour next October.

It is authoritatively denied that the President proposes to recall Minister Lowell from Great Britain.

L. S. PRASE, a Buffalo oil merchant, proposes to establish a free gallery and art school in that city.

THE President has notified General Fitz-John Porter that he cannot restore him to his rank, and that relief can only be granted by Congress.

MR. CROSS, it is rumored, has abandoned the idea of writing a biography of his late wife, Marian Evans, or George Eliot.

GOVERNOR LONG of Massachusetts declines re-nomination, but would like to exchange his present place for a seat in Congress.

THE petition of Mrs. Scoville, for the appointment of a conservator for Guiteau, has been rejected in the County Court at Chicago.

THE fund for the family of Sergeant Mason has swollen to \$7,000, and "Betty," his wife, favors the purchase of a farm in Virginia on her husband's release.

MR. CHARLES ARMOR has painted for the State Department a portrait of ex-Secretary Blaine from sittings and approved photographs submitted to him by the subject.

SENATOR HILL, of Georgia, is at Atlantic City. His physicians say he is getting along nicely, and they do not apprehend that he will have any further trouble with his throat.

THE Poughkeepsie *Eagle* says that Mr. Thomas H. McGraw of that city has made a pledge of \$50,000 for the permanent endowment of the President's chair at Amherst College.

PROFESSOR JOHN F. WEIR, of the Yale Art School, will soon begin work upon the memorial statue of the late Professor Silliman, which is to be placed on the college campus.

OSCAR WILDS delivered his lecture at Leadville, Colorado, last week. He was received with every mark of regard, listened to attentively, and at the close of the lecture was heartily cheered.

THE Prince of Wales's sons have started on a tour through the Holy Land, and will afterwards proceed to Athens on a visit to the King of the Greeks, returning home early in June.

CHENG TSAO JU, the Chinese Minister, sailed from this port on the 15th for England, whence he will go to Spain, to which, as well as to this country and Peru, he is accredited as ambassador.

GENERAL GORDON, who has made a great deal of money out of railroads since he resigned his seat in the United States Senate, is going to Europe on business connected with land development in the South.

THE sixty-third anniversary of Queen Victoria's birth occurs on May 24th next, and will be celebrated on that day, excepting in England, where, owing to exceptional circumstances, June 3d will be observed instead.

MR. FRANK H. CUSHING will remain for several months in Washington with two of the Zulus to prepare two articles on the Sociological System of the Zulus for the reports of the Ethnologic Bureau of the Smithsonian Institution.

EDWARD NEWMAN, a school-teacher in a New Jersey town, was recently vaccinated with virus taken from the arm of a man who suffered from frequent spells of temporary insanity, and has since become insane himself.

MORRIS FRANKLIN, President of the New York Life Insurance Company, who is eighty-one years old, arrives at the office promptly at ten A. M. each day, and leaves it at three P. M. He is the most punctual of all the officials, and attends regularly to his duties.

MR. WALKER BLAINE has been recalled. He was acting under instructions from the State Department, and sent in December last as Chargé d'Affaires at Santiago, Chili. It is the understanding that upon his return he will resign the position of Third Assistant Secretary of State.

SCHUYLER COLVAX has refused the urgent request of Republicans of the South Bend (Ind.) District to be a candidate for Congress. He says: "My only ambition now is to go in and out among my townsmen as a private citizen during what years of life may remain for me to enjoy on earth."

F. F. GUNN, of the senior class of Williams College, has declined the honors of the valedictorian on the ground that he has always considered the system of marking used in the college as unfair, and operating to the detriment of some of the students. Mr. Gunn holds a better average standing than has been reached at Williams in many years.

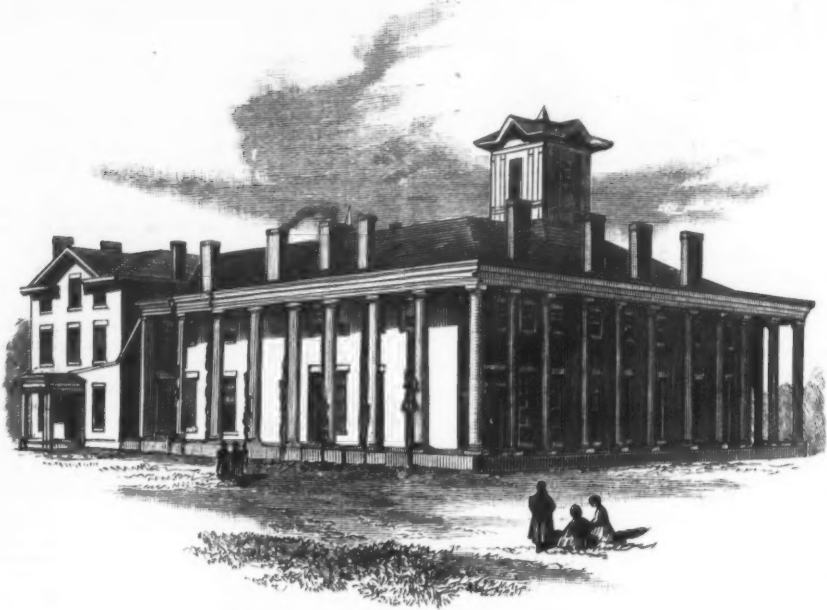
MRS. WILCOX, a daughter of Andrew Jackson Donaldson and widow of General Wilcox, of Tennessee, has been removed from the Post Office Department at the instance of Representatives Houk and Moore. She was appointed to the position by Judge Key when Postmaster General. Mrs. Wilcox is a grandniece of Andrew Jackson, and was the only child ever born in the White House.

GOVERNOR PITKIN of Colorado has appointed as Senator Teller's successor George M. Chilcote, of Pueblo, who was born in Huntingdon County, Pa., fifty-four years ago, moved to Iowa when a boy, and later followed the star of empire to Nebraska and Colorado, holding offices in each State and serving one term as a Delegate in Congress from Colorado while it was still a territory.

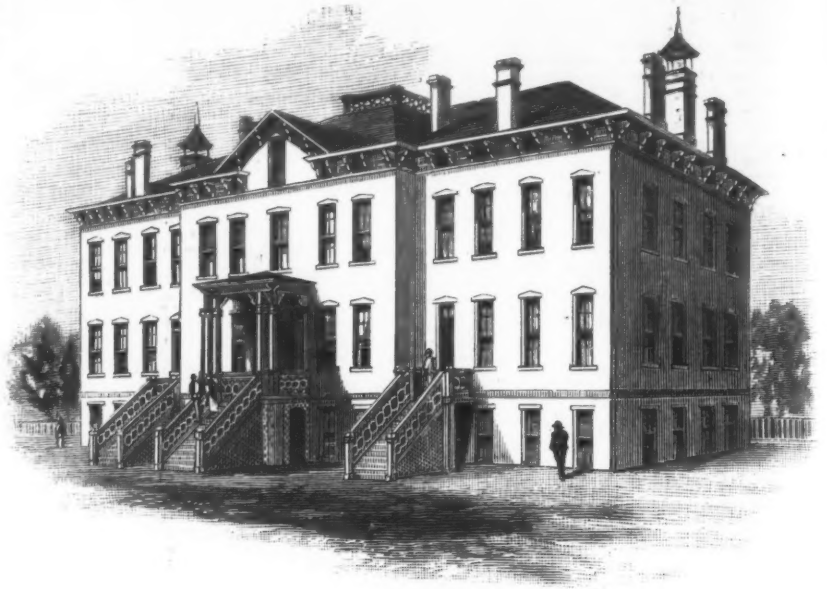
SENATOR PENDELTON and several other members of the Ohio Delegation, called on the President a few days ago and invited him to attend the approaching Forestry Congress in Cincinnati and to plant a tree in the city park. "I will go if possible," responded the general President. "If I cannot, one of you can plant the tree. Let's say Pendleton, here, and some day it may blossom into a Presidential tree."

ALTHOUGH Garibaldi insisted upon visiting Sicily to attend the recent celebration of the "Vespers," he is such a physical wreck that the sight was one to arouse universal pity. The difficulty of moving him from the railway coach to the carriage at Palermo caused him to be placed in the vehicle with his back to the horses, and it was thought best not to try to move him around. So he rode to the villa prepared for him backward and doubled up, with his head on the knees of his wife, who sat opposite to him.

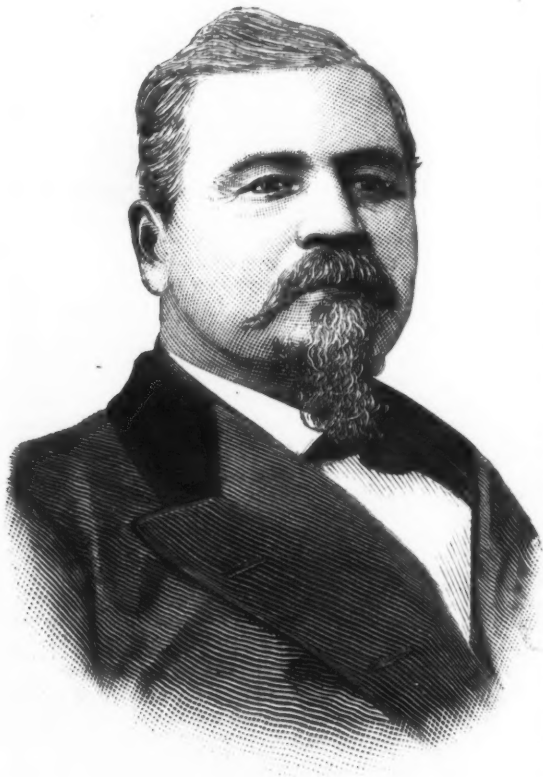
THIRTY years ago John Potts, a poor blacksmith, of Brooklyn, Pa., adopted a friendless girl named Carrie Roper, and helped her to get an education. Then she disappeared, and he gave her up as dead, until a few days ago a strange lady called at his home, introduced herself as Mrs. James Rutledge, wife of a Pittsburgh millionaire, and told him she had come to take him to her home for the rest of his days. She paid off the mortgage on his property, purchased a handsome monument for his wife's grave, and after their arrival in Pittsburgh she made Potts a gift of \$50,000 in United States bonds.



THE FEMALE SEMINARY, NEAR TAHLEQUAH.



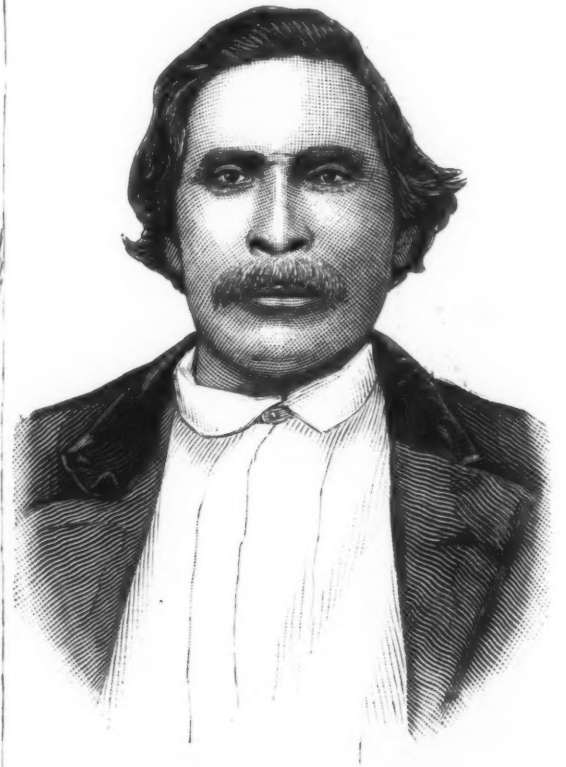
THE INSANE AND BLIND ASYLUM, PARK HILL, NEAR TAHLEQUAH.



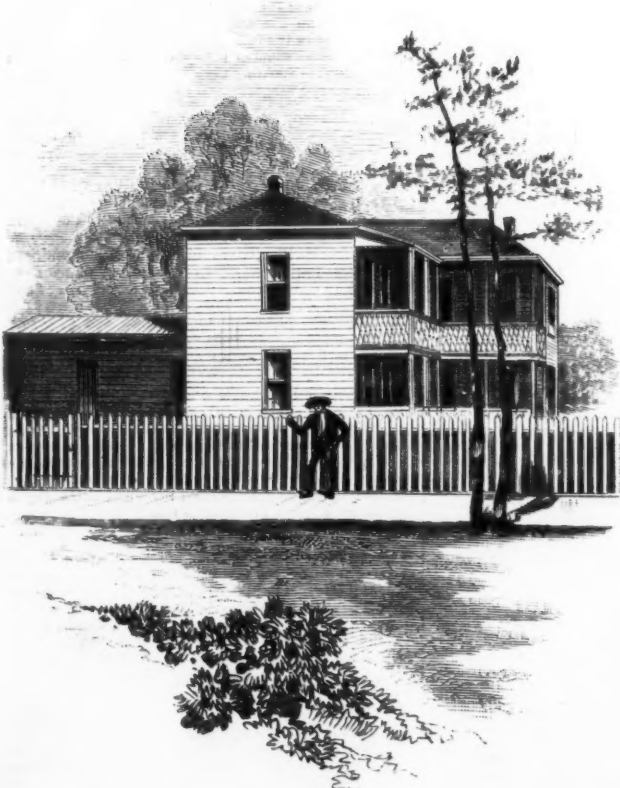
HON. D. W. BUSHYHEAD, PRINCIPAL CHIEF.



GEORGE GUESS (SE-QUOY-AH), THE INVENTOR OF THE CHEROKEE ALPHABET.



HON. WILSON HARE, SPEAKER OF THE LOWER HOUSE.



A CHEROKEE HOUSE AT TAHLEQUAH.



A CHEROKEE SCHOOLBOY.



THE NATIONAL CAPITOL AT TAHLEQUAH.

THE CHEROKEE NATION.—ITS CAPITOL, RULERS AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

FROM PHOTOS. BY RANDOLPH & PERNOT.—SEE PAGE 138.

THE ELEPHANT JUMBO.

MR. BARNUM has his elephantine prize, Jumbo, safely housed at Madison Square Garden. As British protests could not, and British courts would not, prevent his removal from the London "Zoo," so the terrors of the sea could not delay his coming, and on Easter morning the steamer *Assyrian Monarch*, to which the distinguished immigrant had been intrusted, came gayly into port, and the monster, being lightered to the shore, was transferred in due course to the quarters provided for him. The process of removing him from the vessel's hold was not an easy one. Jumbo was confined in a great wooden cage, six feet eight inches wide and thirteen feet high, inside measurement. It was made of seven-inch timbers of yellow pine, with double lining of three-inch oak planks. Heavy bands of three-quarter inch angle-iron, with five-inch flanges, passed around the cage in all directions, and the receptacle was as strong as stout timbers and iron could make it. It weighed six tons—within half a ton as much as Jumbo. This box, with its living freight, was, after some difficulty, lowered to the deck of the lighter, which at once proceeded to the Battery landing. Nearly two hours were spent in landing the cage and adjusting it to the low and broad wheel truck which was to be the means of conveying Jumbo through the streets to Madison Square Garden. A team of sixteen horses was in waiting, and these, after much delay, were finally harnessed to the cage, and it was started on its way to the Garden, where it arrived without accident shortly after twelve o'clock, two of Barnum's elephants having given their assistance in propelling the truck when the strength of the horses proved unequal to the task of moving it.

At the Garden Jumbo has been the main attraction ever since his arrival, and so far has displayed none of the viciousness with which he has been credited. He is very fond of his keepers and obeys them implicitly. He is the largest elephant ever imported; he stands over eleven feet six inches in height, weighs six and a half tons, and measures fifteen feet across the head from the extreme tip of each of his enormous ears. He is twelve feet long and his trunk is seven feet in length. Mr. Barnum and his partners paid \$10,000 for him, and his entire cost, landed in New York, will be nearly \$30,000. There have been many unforeseen expenses in getting him here. In the first place the opposition in London to the sale to Mr. Barnum was so strong that several lawsuits had to be contested, entailing a cost of \$2,000 for legal expenses alone. Then the experiments in making a cage in which to transport him were costly, and the expenses of bringing him across the Atlantic were very heavy. Passage was engaged for him twice, and two steamers were fitted up for him and provisioned before the *Assyrian Monarch*, but on both occasions Jumbo positively refused to enter his cage at the last moment, although he was docile enough at all other times. In addition to the freight charge of \$1,000, the steamship company exacted pay for fifty tons of freight displaced and for 200 emigrants, at \$30 per head, because the emigration authorities would not permit passengers to be carried in the same part of the ship with Jumbo. His daily allowance of food was about as follows: Two hundred pounds of hay, two bushels of oats, one bushel of biscuit, ten or fifteen large loaves of bread, two or three quarts of onions, five buckets of water, and apples, oranges, figs, nuts, cakes, candies and dainties of that sort in unlimited quantities. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts and other distinguished personages in London, who visited the steamer to say good-by to Jumbo just before the *Assyrian Monarch* sailed, left boxes of candies and buns, of which Jumbo is very fond, for his use during the voyage. He was a great pet of officers, crew and passengers, and was liberally fed with good things. He has developed a great liking for strong drink, and he swallows the contents of a whisky bottle at one gulp, without winking, and then holds out his trunk and pleads for more. Beer he likes, also, and drank dozens of bottles during the voyage. Mr. Barnum, being a man of temperance principles, will speedily reform Jumbo's habits in this particular.

THE ZUNI INDIAN CHIEFS ASTONISHED.

IN a recent address at Washington, Mr. Cushing, who brought the party of Zuni Indians to the East, told his audience something of the opinions formed by the chiefs in regard to Americans and their civilization. He said he could never persuade the Zunis to talk to their audiences as they did among themselves, and he gave the following examples:

"When I brought them to the railroad, they, understanding that it was to be the means whereby they were to come eastward, did not



MISSOURI.—HON. THOMAS T. CRITTENDEN, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE.
FROM A PHOTO. BY FOX.—SEE PAGE 135.

flinch in the least as the locomotive passed them, although three of their number had never seen the railroad. They entered the cars, sat down and immediately got up again, every one taking my hand and breathing on it, and again sat down and began to pray. The substance of their prayers was that nothing should come between them and the Americans; for the people who could make such a powerful horse of iron could annihilate their little nation. After we had traveled eastward three or four days I took one of them aboard the locomotive. He said that he wished me to wait. He had seen enough to impress him with the grandeur of the Americans, and asked me at the same time: 'Pray, boy, pray.' When he had finished his prayer he remarked: 'These Americans are gods, only they have to eat material food.'

"When I took them through the wire works at Worcester, where half a mile of wire is drawn from a steel bar, they watched the process, compared the bright wire to one of the lightning gods of their mythology, and then as I took them through the warehouses they said: 'Here is enough wire to spin the web of the great grandfather spider who connected the land of everlasting Summer with the land of everlasting snow,' or, in other words, stretched his web from one end of the world to the other. When I took them up on the tower in Boston they said: 'This is the country of houses. Wonderful! wonderful! wonderful! Man's words cannot count them, and if all the Nations of the world joined together, who can say the last word—the Americans? nobody! When I took them into the public insti-

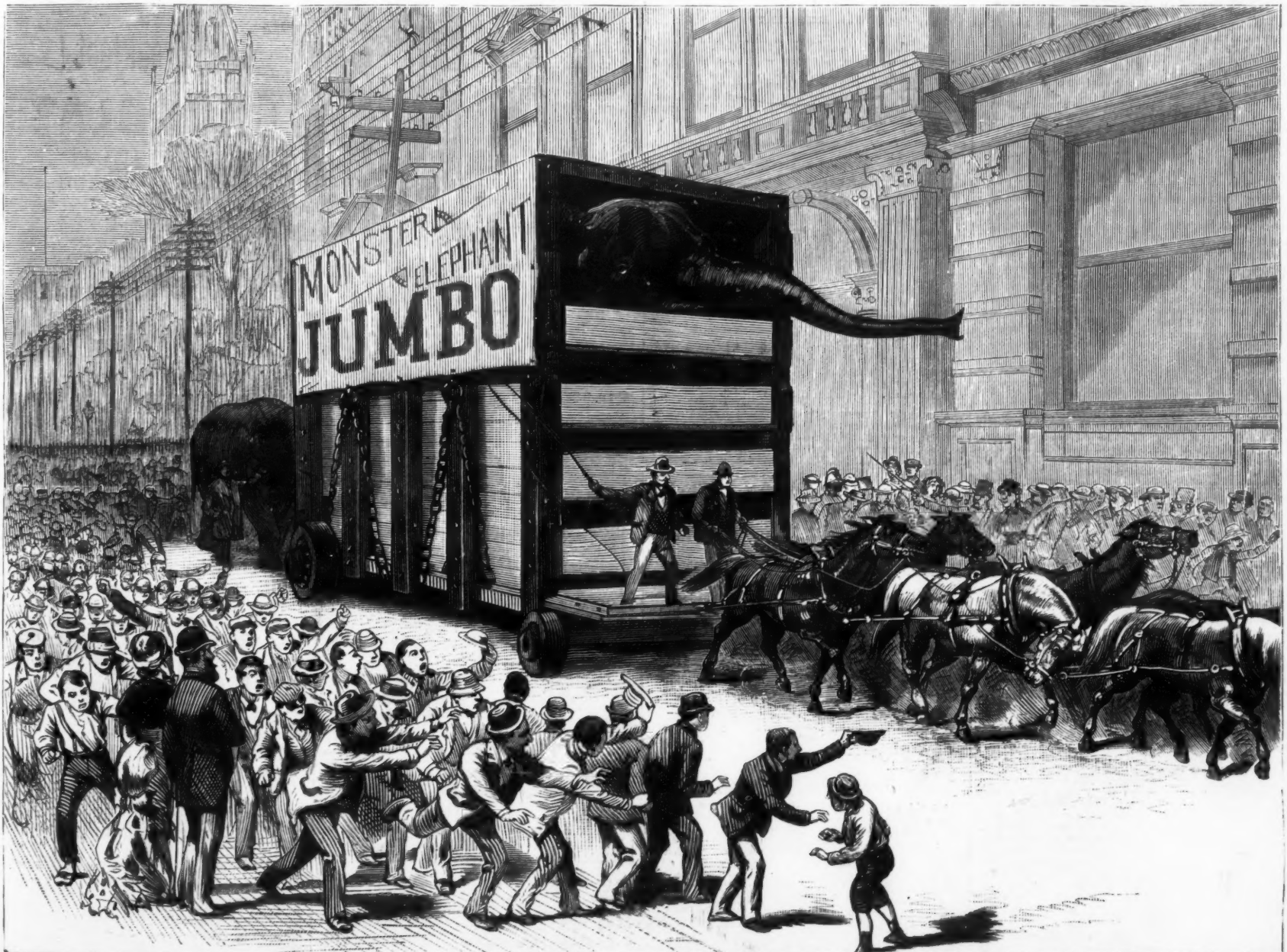
tutions of Boston and showed them our school system they said: 'How these Americans do love their children, to build great houses in which simply to teach them the marks that mean words.' When I brought them from Boston to New York and took them aboard the steamer *City of Worcester*, they said: 'At last no longer are the Americans like the gods, but they are gods, and we have been mistaken in saying they are like gods. Will not the gods get jealous of these Americans if they keep on?'

BAVARIAN BEER-BIBBERS.

THE little Kingdom of Wurtemberg has 1,900,000 inhabitants, and is not so large as the State of Massachusetts by 300 square miles, yet the published records show that there were 7,398 breweries, large and small, in active operation within the kingdom during the past year, and in the twelve months 135,179,900 pounds of malt were brewed. One of the great and important industries of Germany is the manufacture of beet sugar, and two years ago the Government returns showed that there were 329 manufactories engaged in this enterprise. If there are 7,398 breweries in Wurtemberg, what must be the number in the whole empire, and what must be the vast amount of capital and labor employed in the manufacture of beer as compared with the manufacture of sugar! In Wurtemberg there are 19,280 beer-shops or places where beer is sold by the glass. This would make on an average a beer-shop for about every 100 of the inhabitants, man, woman and child, including babies of the tenderest age. The different towns and cities show a variety of figures in making up this general average, some going as high as 120 and 130, and others falling short of 100. In Canstatt, for instance, a suburb of Stuttgart, of 25,000 inhabitants, there is a beer-shop for every 84 people. Last year one brewery in Stuttgart manufactured 880,380 gallons of beer, which would make 29,366 barrels of 30 gallons each, nearly all of which was drunk at home. And yet, if one wishes to see real beer-drinking, he must go to Bavaria.

The accounts that one constantly hears of remarkable feats in beer-drinking, seem many of them incredible. Old men and young, while gathered around the social beer-table, relate their experience and the quantity of beer they have swallowed at one sitting, or in one day, or in one evening, with as much pride as an old hunter would rehearse his achievements in the forest or the jungle. They are as proud of the capacity of their stomachs as a prize-fighter of his muscle. The papers recently chronicled the death of an old man of eighty in Tübingen, who had often been known to drink one hundred mugs of beer—holding half a litre each—in one day. As a litre, reduced to English measure, is a quart and a half-pint, it will be seen that he drank almost sixteen gallons. A beer-shop in Munich, in the immediate vicinity of a church, with a clock in the bell-tower, became celebrated, and got up a large run of custom by a famous beer-drinker who drew crowds of people at the middle of the day to witness his performance. Placing twelve mugs of beer on a table in front of him as the clock commenced striking twelve, he would swallow the contents of a mug at each stroke of the clock until the twelve mugs were emptied. A Heidelberg student thought nothing of placing to his lips a tankard filled to the brim with two litres of beer and swallowing the whole without stopping to take breath. Another student, who had had his cheek laid open in a sword duel, called for a glass of beer and drank it through the bloody opening of the sword-cut without wincing and as coolly as if he had swallowed it through his mouth.

The students in the university towns have what is known as "beer duels." They are a species of mock-trials in which two of their number are accused of imaginary crimes or misdemeanors, and go through the farce of a trial before a mock judge and jury, each eloquently defended by his own counsel. The judge sums up the case in an elaborate and scholarly speech, and the jury, after retiring to a side-room, where they drink an indefinite amount of beer, bring in the verdict that both of the accused are guilty, and that they must suffer the penalty by swallowing a certain number of glasses of beer—and not a small number either—in a prescribed space of time, and that the one who fails in finishing his quota first, shall pay for all the beer drunk by the party during the evening, or afternoon, as it may be. The real "sport" now commences. A table is cleared, the "culprits" in standing position are placed opposite each other, and the requisite number of glasses of beer placed on the table between them. The judges and the jury, their fellow-students, and a large number of outsiders gather around in a circle and watch the beer-duel with as much interest as they would a dog or a cock fight. The signal is given and the



NEW YORK CITY.—THE TRANSFER OF THE ELEPHANT JUMBO FROM THE BATTERY TO MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, APRIL 9TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.

contestants spring for the glasses, which they empty one after another in rapid succession. Long practice, which most of the students have had, enables them to do valiant work. Glass after glass disappears with astonishing rapidity. Each student has his party of friends or backers, who cheer and shout and encourage him on as if he were neck-and-neck with his competitor in a boat-race. It is seldom that both finish their quotas, though one is sure to come out ahead of the other. When one occasionally finishes the number of glasses assigned him, he is sure to call for one, two or three glasses or more as extras, which he swallows just to show that his appetite still remains unimpaired. Of course, the victor receives the plaudits of the assemblage and is borne in triumph to an improvised throne, consisting of a chair or stool placed on a beer-table at the end of the hall, where they crown him with a wreath of laurel, give him cheer after cheer, and address him as their patron saint.

A Humorous Incident of the Flood.

THE recent flood in the Mississippi, like every disaster, had its humorous side. While the water was at its highest steamers did not need to keep to the river channel, but sometimes made their way over farms miles away. One boat going up stream lost her way and bumped up against a frame house. She hadn't more than touched it before an old darkey thrust his head up through a hole in the roof where the chimney once came out and yelled at the captain on the roof: "Whar is yer gwine wid dat boat? Can't yer see nuffin? Fust thing yer knows yer gwine to turn dis house ober, s'plid de old woman an' de chil'en out in de flood an' drow'n 'em. Wat yer doin' out here in de country wid yer darn boat, anyhow? Go on back yander froo de co'n fields an' git back into de ribber whar yer b'long. Ain't got no business sov'n miles out in de country foolin' roun' people's houses, nowhow!" The boat backed out.

A Queer Marriage Ceremony.

A DOWN-EAST paper tells of a queer marriage which took place in Maine years ago, one of the contracting parties belonging in Belfast. The wife subsequently became a paterfamilias, and the authorities ascertained that the marriage, which took place in Frankfort, was a bogus one, and claimed that they were not holden for the support of the woman. The man who acted as Justice said the ceremony was performed as a joke, that the contracting parties had no certificate, and that his commission as Justice of the Peace had expired. The following is the ceremony used at the wedding:

"Beneath this roof, in pleasant weather,
I join this man and maid together.
Let none but Him who rules the thunder
Put this man and maid asunder."

Ex-Governor Crosby was consulted and pronounced the marriage legal, and the keeper of the poor at Belfast maintained the woman until her death.

The New Comet.

THE new comet, according to Professor Isaac Sharpless, the Haverford College astronomer, will soon be visible to the naked eye just after midnight, and will remain in sight until dawn. About two o'clock in the morning it will be seen about half way up to the zenith in the constellation of Lyra and near Vega, the brightest morning star in that part of the sky. The comet is travelling about north-northeast at the rate of about a degree a day. Calculating that the comet is about a hundred million miles away, one degree of its course would be nearly a million miles. It is coming towards the earth, but will not come nearer than eighty million miles to it. It will go down to the northern hemisphere, and there be at its brightest. The best view will be had in Australia and South America. It will fade rapidly to the unaided eye in the south, but it can be followed for months with a telescope. The comet differs from telescopic comets generally in having a tail. As a rule, telescopic comets are only masses of light. The presence of a tail indicates that the comet is a large one. Its orbit has not been sufficiently determined to say whether it will come back or not. We may look for the comet of 1812 to follow this.

Life Saved by an Empty Stomach.

ONE of the most wonderful escapes on record was that of Captain Dargin, of the Twelfth New Hampshire Regiment, who, in one of the many engagements that his regiment participated in, was struck by a bullet, which literally bored a hole through him just above the stomach. He fell amid a heap of killed and wounded, and was left for dead on the field. A column of the enemy advancing with a quick step moved directly over the ground, and as they were marching by he was barely able to make a motion sufficient to attract the attention of a Confederate captain, who stopped, looked at him pityingly, and said: "Poor fellow! you are booked through. I can't help you, but I'll at least put you out of the way of further harm," so, suiting the action to the word, he took him tenderly in his arms, carried him some distance one side, and placed him in a sitting posture, with his back against a tree. This saved his life, as he was shortly afterwards found, treated for his wound, and ultimately recovered. The surgeon said that had he had his breakfast that morning he would assuredly have been killed. Thirty-six hours' abstinence, being short of rations, had contracted the stomach and saved his life. So the captain lives and is the life of the annual reunions.

A Contest for Thad Stevens's Estate.

THADDEUS STEVENS left a peculiar will. In the event of his favorite nephew, Thad Stevens, Jr., keeping sober for five years he was to receive a certain amount of the estate; keeping sober for five years longer, he was to receive a certain other amount, and, keeping sober for fifteen years, he was to receive all of the estate save a few small bequests. Not living up to these terms, young Thad was to receive \$800 per annum during his life, and this he accepted, burying his talents and his life in an insatiable indulgence in strong drink. In the event of young Thad receiving only \$800 per annum, the residue of the estate—provided it amounted to \$50,000—was to go to the founding of an orphan asylum, where all children who had lost either parent (and regard less of color, creed, or nationality) were to be admitted. The Hon. James P. McPherson, the Hon. A. E. Roberts, and the Hon. O. J. Dickey were named as the executors. Mr. Dickey is dead, but the other two executors were about arranging for the transfer of the estate to the Children's Home, of Lancaster, Pa., when Dr. Thaddeus N. Stevens, of Indiana, stepped in and filed a bill in equity which sets forth that he is entitled to the residue of the "Old Commoner's" estate, because it does not reach \$50,000. He claims that he and his sister are heirs-at-law, and that his sister has transferred her claim to him. Able counsel has been retained by the claimant, and the case promises to be more than ordinarily interesting.

The "Longfellow Jug," combining the words and portrait of the great poet, is delivered, free of express charges, at any place in the United States, by RICHARD BRIGGS, of Boston. The price is only five dollars.

FUN.

LEO XIII. is not at all Leo IX. in character.

POST-MORTEM EXAMINATION.—Opening a dead letter.

EPITAPH for a carpenter.—Passed to a higher plane.

MAY not a jury be said to be selfish when they have a greed?

"I DON'T like that eat; it's got splinters in its feet!" was the excuse of a four-year-old for throwing the kitten away.

NOT QUITE WHAT HE EXPECTED.—Clergyman (who has caught a boy stealing): "Don't you know that the devil gets naughty little boys?" Boy: "I know—he's got me!"

MR. HAVEN TENNEY was called as witness in a Delaware court, and when the judge asked him his name and he answered, "Haven Tenney," the judge remarked that every man has a name, the witness was trying to insult the court, and was therefore fined \$10.

BRIGGS hired a horse the other day to take a little exercise. He got more exercise than he wanted; and as he limped to the side of the road to rest himself, a kind friend asked him, "What did you come down so quick for?" "What did I come down so quick for? Did you see anything up in the air for me to hold on to?" he asked, grimly.

IT requires no great stretch of conscience to explain why we have had such a vast excess of weather—such extremes of heat and cold, wet and dryness—this year, as compared with previous years. Formerly a large part of the appropriation for the weather bureau was embezzled; now it is all expended for weather. Hence the superfluity.

NOAH WEBSTER was a celebrated author. He was a quick and ready writer, and in one of his inspired moments he dashed off a dictionary. He took it to several publishers, but they shied at it, saying the style was dull, dry, turgid, hard and uninteresting, and, besides that, he used too many big words. But at last Noah succeeded, and the immortal work is in daily use, propping up babies at the dinner-table.

THERE was a worthy old priest who was noted for never giving a direct "Yes" or "No" in reply to a query. It was always "That depends." His bishop tried to pose him one day by asking whether it was lawful to baptize with soap? But the priest was equal to the occasion—"That depends. If with such soap as we are now eating at your table, monsigneur, it would doubtless be wrong; but if with such soap as is usually served to us poor curia, and which differs but little from water, it might be permissible."

A BOY walked into an office, recently, with a pocket book in his hand, and inquired if Mr. Blank was in. "That's my name," replied one of the gentlemen. "Well, here's a wallet with your name in it." "Yes, I lost it this morning." He received it, and the boy started down stairs, but was halted by the call, "Say, boy, what's your name?" "Oh, that's all right," replied the boy, as he backed down. "Tain't worth your saying I'm an honest boy and offering me ten cents for my trouble, for there was only fifty cents in the wallet, and ma used that to buy some soap and a new clothes line."

In a small German town an innkeeper, to get rid of a book peddler's importunities, bought an almanac from him, and putting it in his pocket left the inn, his wife just then coming in to take his place. The woman was then persuaded to buy an almanac, not knowing that her husband had one already. The husband shortly returning and discovering the trick, sent his porter to the railway station after the peddler, with a message that he wished to see the latter on business. "Oh, yes," said the peddler, "I know, he wants one of my almanacs, but I really can't miss my train for that. You can give me a quarter and take the almanac to him." The porter paid the money and carried a third almanac to the innkeeper. Tableau!

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February 15, 1882.

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